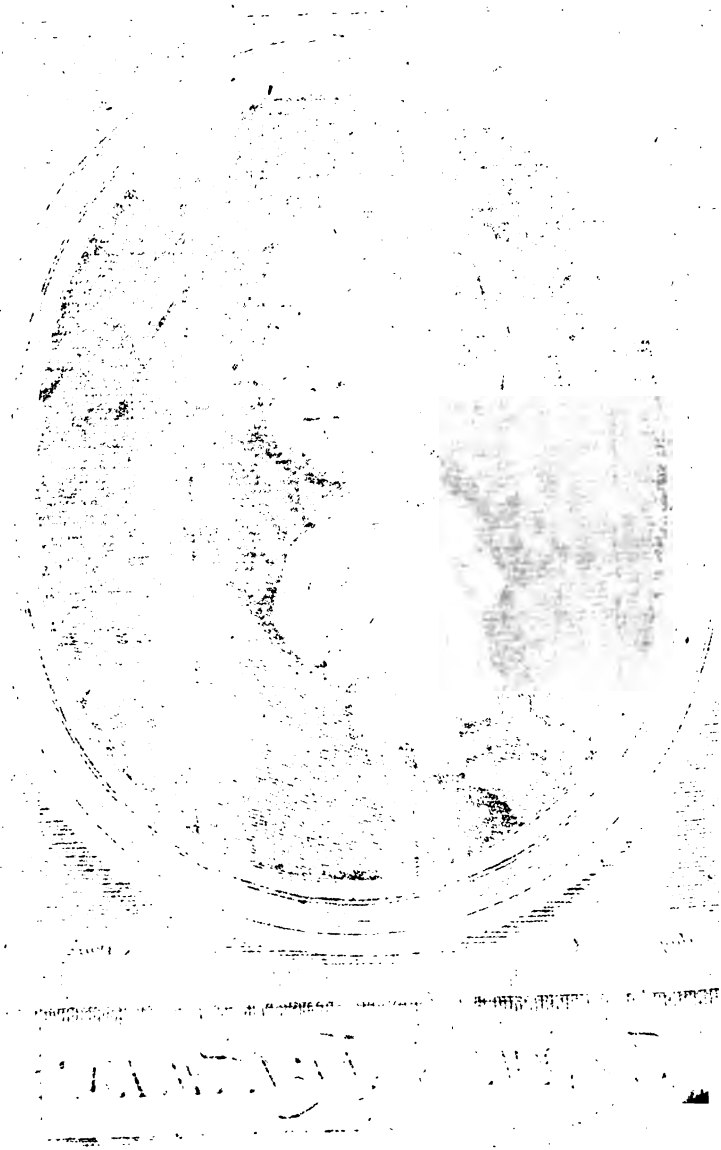


Hayls Pinxit.
R. White sculp.
THOMAS FLATMAN.

POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

THOMAS FLATMAN.

The Third Edition
With Additions and Amendments.

——— *Me quoque Vatem*
Dicunt Pastores, sed non Ego credulus illis.
Virgil.

LONDON,
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1682.

TO HIS

GRACE

THE

DUKE

OF

ORMOND

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *&c.*

In humble acknowledgment of
His Princely Favours
These *POEMS* are with all Dutiful
Respect

DEDICATED

By his GRACE's
Ever Oblig'd, and most
Obedient Servant,

Thomas Flatman.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

WHen I was prevail'd upon to make a Third Publication of these Poëms with some Additions, it was told me, That without a Preface the Book would be unfashionable; Universal Custom had made it a Debt, and in this Age the Bill of Fair was as necessary as the Entertainment. To be Civil therefore, and to comply with Expectation, instead of an elaborate Harangue in Commendation of the Art in general, or what, and how many Qualifications go to the

making up of a Poet *in particular, and without ſuch artificial Imbelliſhments as uſe to be the Ornament of Prefaces, as* Sayings of Philopiers, Ends of Verſes, Greek, Latin, Hungarian, French, Welch, *or* Italian, *Be it known unto the Reader, That in my poor Opinion* Poetry *ha's a very near Reſemblance to the modern Experiment of the* Ambling-Saddle; *It's a good Invention for ſmoothing the* Trott of Proſe; *That's the Mechanical uſe of it. But Phyſically it gives preſent Eaſe to the* Pains *of the* Mind, *contracted by violent Surfeit of either good or bad Uſage in the World. To be ſerious, 'tis an Innocent Help to* Sham *a Man's time when it lyes on his hands and his Fancy can Reliſh nothing elſe. I ſpeak but my own Experience, when any Accident hath either pleas'd or vex'd me beyond my power of expreſſing either*

ther my Satisfaction or Indignation in downright Prose, *I found it seasonable for* Rhiming; *and I believe from what follows it may be discern'd when 'twas* Fair Weather, *when* Changeable, *and when the* Quicksilver *fell down to* Storm *and* Tempest. *As to the Measures observ'd by me, I always took a peculiar delight in the* Pindariqu' *strain, and that for two Reasons, First, it gave me a liberty now and then to correct the saucy forwardness of a* Rhime, *and to lay it aside till I had a mind to admit It; And secondly, if my Sense fell at any time too short for my* Stanza, (*and it will often happen so in Versifying*) *I had then opportunity to fill it up with a* Metaphor *little to the purpose, and* (*upon occasion*) *to run that* Metaphor *stark mad into an* Allegory, *a practice very frequent and of admirable use amongst the* Moderns, *especially*

the

the Nobless *of the Faculty. But in good earnest, as to the* Subjects, *which came in my way to write upon, I must declare that I have chosen only such as might be treated within the Rules of* Decency, *and without offence either to* Religion *or* good Manners. *The Caution I receiv'd (by Tradition) from the Incomparable Mr.* Cowley, *and him I must ever acknowledge but to imitate, if any of the ensuing Copies may deserve the name of* Good *or* Indifferent. *I have not vanity enough to prescribe how a* Muse *ought to be Courted, and I want leizure to borrow from some Treatises I have seen, which look like so many* Academies *of* Compliments *for that purpose. I have known a man, who when he was about to write would screw his face into more disguises than* Scaramuchio, *or a* Quaker *at a Meeting when his Turn came to mount; his breast heav'd,*

heav'd, his hair ſtood on end, his eyes ſtar'd, and the whole man was diſorder'd; and truly when he had done, any body at firſt reading would conclude that at the time he made them he was poſſeſs't with an evil Spirit. Another that ſeem'd like Noſtradamus *(when the Whim took him in the head to Prophecy), he ſate upon his* Divining Tripos, *his elbow on his knee, his Lamp by his ſide, all the avenues of light ſtopp'd, full of expectation when the* little faint flame *ſhould ſteal in through a creviſs of the Shutters; This Gentleman indeed writ extreme* Melancholy Madrigals. *I have had the happineſs to hear of a Third too, whoſe whole life was* Poëtical, *he was a* Walking Poëm, *and his way was this; finding that the fall of the Leaf was already upon him, and prudently foreſeeing that in the Winter of his old Age he*

might

might possibly want Fodder, he carried always about him one of Raimund' Lully's Repositories, *a piece of* Mathematical Paper, *and in what Company soever he came, the* Spoon *was always ready for the* Civet-Cat, *nothing scap't him that* fell from a Wit: *At night his custom was to digest all that he had pirated that Day, under proper Heads; This was his* Arsenal, *his inexhaustible* Magazine, *so that upon occasion he had no more to do, than to give a snap, or two to his Nails; a rub or two upon the sutures of his Head, to turn over his* Hint-Book, *and the Matter was at hand, his business (after that piece of* Legerdemain) *was only* Tacking, *and* Tagging: *I never saw but One of this Author's Compositions, and really It troubled me, because It put me in mind, how much time I had mispent in Coffee-Houses, for there*

was

was nothing in It, but what I could find a Father for There; Nay (with a little recollection,) a man might name most of the Birds from whence he had pluckt his Feathers. Some there are that Beseech, Others that Hector their Muses: *Some that Diet their* Pegasus, *give him his Heats and Ayrings for the Course; Others that endeavour to stop up his broken wind with Medicinal Ale and Bisquet: But these for the most part are men of* Industry; *Rhiming is their proper Business, they are fain to labour hard, and use much Artifice for a poor Livelyhood, I wish 'em good Trading. I profess I never had design to be incorporated into the Society; my utmost End was meerly for Diversion of my self, and a few Friends whom I very well love: and if the question should be ask'd why these Productions are expos'd, I may truly say, I could not help it;*

it; One unlucky Copy, like a Bellweather, ſtole from me into the Common, and the reſt of the Flock took their opportunity to leave the Encloſure. If I might be proud of any thing, it ſhould be the firſt Copy of the Book, but therein I had the greateſt advantage given me that any Noble Subject could afford. And ſo much for Preface *and* Poëtry, *till ſome very powerful Star ſhall over-rule my preſent Reſolution.*

ON

ON THE EXCELLENT POEMS OF MY *Most Worthy Friend*, *Mr.* THOMAS FLATMAN.

YOu happy *Issue* of a happy Wit,
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,
Welcome into the *Light*, and may we be
Worthy so happy a Posterity.
We long have wish't for something *excellent*;
But ne're till now knew rightly what it meant:
For though we have been gratifi'd 'tis true,
From several hands with things both *fine* and *new*,
The *Wits* must pardon me, if I profess,
That 'till this time the over-teeming press
Ne're set out *Poesy* in so *true* a *dress*:
Nor is it *all*, to have a share of *Wit*,
There must be *judgment too* to manage it;

For *Fancy*'s like a rough, but ready *Horse*, (*force*;
Whose mouth is govern'd more by *skill* than
Wherein (*my Friend*) you do a *Maistry* own,
If not particular to you alone;
Yet such at least as to all eyes declares
Your *Pegasus* the best performs his *Ayres*.
Your *Muse* can humour all her Subjects so,
That as we *read* we do both *feel* and *know*;
And the most firm impenetrable breast
With the same *passion* that *you writ's* possest.
Your *Lines* are *Rules*, which who shall well ob-
Shall even in their *errors* praise deserve: (serve
The boyling youth, whose Blood is all on fire,
Push't on by Vanity, and hot desire,
May learn such conduct here, men may approve
And not *excuse*, but even *applaud* his *love*.
Ovid, who made an *ART* of what to all
Is in it self but *too too natural*,
Had he but read *your Verse*, might there have seen
The *stile* of which his *Precepts* should have been;
And (which it seems he knew not) learnt from
To reconcile *frailty* with *Innocence*. (thence

The

The *Love you* write, *Virgins* and *Boyes* may read,
And never be *debaucht* but *better bred*;
For without *love*, *Beauty* would bear no price,
And *dulness*, than *desire's* a greater vice:
Your greater subjects with such *force* are writ
So full of Shewy strength, as well as wit,
That when *you* are *Religious*, our *Divines*
May *emulate*, but not *reprove your Lines*,
And when *you* reason, *there* the learned Crew
May learn to *speculate*, and speak from *you*.
You no *Prophane*, no *obscene* language use
To *smut your Paper* or *defile your Muse*,
Your gayest things, as well *exprest*, as meant
Are equally both *Quaint*, and *Innocent*.
But *your Pindarique Odes* indeed are such
That *Pindar's Lyre* from his own skilful touch,
Ne're yielded such an *Harmony*, nor yet
Verse keep such time on so *unequal feet*.
So by his own generous confession
Great *Tasso* by *Guarini* was out done:
And (which in *Copying* seldom does befal)
The *Ectype's* better than th' *Original*.

But whilst *your* Fame I labour to send forth,
By the ill-doing it I cloud your worth,
In *something* all mankind *unhappy* are,
And you as *mortal* too must have your share;
'Tis your misfortune to have found a *Friend*,
Who *hurts* & *injures* where he would *commend*.
But let *this* be your comfort; that *your Bayes*
Shall *flourish green*, mauger an *ill couch't Praise*.

CHARLES COTTON.

TO

TO MY FRIEND Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN

upon the Publication of his

POEMS.

I.

AS when a *Prince* his Standard do's erect
And calls his Subjects to the Field,
From ſuch as early take his ſide,
And readily obedience yield,
e is inſtructed where he may ſuſpect,
And where he ſafely may confide;
So mighty *Friend!*
That you may ſee
perfect evidence of Loyalty,
No buſineſs I pretend;
om all th' Incumbrances of humane life,

From nourishing the sinful peoples strife,
And the increasing weaknesses of Age.

II.

Domestique Care, the Minds Incurable Disease
I am resolv'd I will forget,
Ah! could I hope the restless pain,
Would now intirely cease,
And never more return again,
My thoughts I would in other order set
By more than protestations I would show,
Not the Sum total only of the Debt,
But the particulars of all I owe.

III.

This I would do: But what will our desire avail
When active heat and vigour fail?
'Tis well thou ha'st more youthful combatants
Right able to protect thy Immortality: (than I,
If Envy should attaque thy sportless name,
(And that attaque's the best of things
And into Rigid Censure brings
The most undoubted Registers of Fame)

Their

Their Artillery let them dispence,
Piercing Wit and Murd'ring Eloquence,
Noble conceit and manly Sence,
Charming *Numbers* let 'em shine
And dazle dead in ev'ry line
The Most malicious of thy Foes,
Though Hell it self should offer to oppose;
I (thy decrepit Subject) only can resign
The little life of Art is left, to ransome thine:
Fumbling's as bad in Poetry,
And as Ridiculous, as 'tis in Gallantry:
But if a Dart I may prevent,
Which at my *Friend*'s repute was mean't
Let them then direct at Me;
By dying in so just a War,
I possibly may share
In thy Infallible Eternity.

IV.

But dearest *Friend*
(Before it be too late)
Let us a while expostulate,
What heat of Glory call'd you on,

Your learned Empire to extend
Beyond the Limits of your own Dominion?
At home, you were already crown'd with Bayes;
Why Foreign Trophies do you seek to raise?
Poets Arcana's have of Government,
And tho' the *Homagers* of your own *Continent*
Out of a Sense of duty do submit,
Yet *Publick Print*, a jealousie creates
And intimates a lay'd design
Unto the Neighb'ring *Potentates*.
Now into all your secret Arts they pry,
And weigh each hint by rules of policy,
Offensive Leagues they twine,
In Councels, Rota's, and Cabals they sit,
Each Petty *Burgess* thinks it fit
The *Corporation* should combine,
Against the Universal *Monarchy* of Wit,
And streight declare for quite abjuring it.

V.

Hence then must you, prepare for an Invasion:
Tho not from such as are reclaim'd by Education;

In

In the main points all *European* Wits agree,
All allow Order, Art, and Rules of Decency,
And to be absolutely perfect, ne're was yet
A beauty such, or such a Wit.

I fear the Pagan and the Barbarous,
A Nation quite the *Antipodes* to us;
The Infidel unletter'd Crew (I mean)
Who call that only Wit,
Which is indeed but the Reverse of it;
Creatures in whom civility ne're shone,
But (unto Nature's contradiction)
It is their Glory to be so obscene,
You 'ld think the Legion of the unclean
Were from the Swine, (to which they were condemn'd) releas'd.
And had these veryer Swine (than them) possest.

VI.

If these should an advantage take
And on thy Fame a Depredation make,
You must submit to the unhappiness;
These are the common Enemies of our Belief and (Art,
And by hostility possest——.

The World's much greater part:
All things with them are measur'd by success:
If the Battle be not won;
If the Author do not Sell;
Into they'r dull capacities it will not sink,
They cannot with deliberation think
How bravely the Commander led them on,
No nor wherein the Book was written well:
When, ('tis a thing impossible to do,)
He cannot find his Army courage, (Sir) nor you
Your Readers, learning, wit, and Judgment too.

R. T.

TO

TO MY

FRIEND

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*,

On the Publishing of these his

POEMS.

LEt not (my *Friend*) th' incredulous *Sceptic* Man
Dispute what Potent *Art* and *Nature* can!
Let him believe, the *Birds* that did Bemoan
The loss of *Zeuxis Grapes* in Queru'lous Tone,
Were *Silenc'd* by a *Painted Dragon*, found
A *Telesme* to restrain their chatt'ring sound,
And that one made a *Mistress* could inforce
A *Neighing sigh*, Ev'n from a Stallion *Horse*!
Let old *Timanthes* now *unveil* the *Face*
Of his *Atrides*, thou't give *Sorrow grace*!
Now may *Parrhasius* let his *Curtain* stand!
And great *Protogenes* Take off his Hand!

For

For all that *Lying Greece* and *Latium* too
Have told us of, *Thou* (only *Thou*) mak'ſt *true*,
And all the *Miracles* which they could ſhow,
Remain no longer *Faith*; but Science now.
Thou do'ſt thoſe things that no man elſe durſt do,
Thou *Paint'ſt* the *lightning*, and the *thunder* too!
The *Soul* and *Voice!* (conſent,
Thou'lt make *Turks*, *Jews*, with *Romaniſts*
To break the *Second* great *Commandement*:
And them perſwade an *Adoration* giv'n
In *Picture*, will as Grateful be to Heav'n
As one in *Metre*. Th' Art is in *Exceſs*;
But yet thy ingenuity makes it *leſs*.
With *Pen* and *Pencil* thou doſt all out-ſhine,
In *Speaking Picture*, *Poeſie Divine*.
Poets, *Creators* are! You made us *Know*
Thoſe are *Above*, and *Dread* thoſe are *Below*;
But 'tis no Wonder you ſuch things can *Dare*
That *Painter*, *Poet*, and A *Prophet* are.
The *Stars* themſelves, think it no ſcorn to be
Plac'd, and Directed in their Way by Thee.
Thou Knoweſt their Virtue, and their Situation,
The Fate of Years, and every great *Mutation*,
With

With the ſame Kindneſs let *them* look on Earth;
As when they gave thee firſt *thy happy Birth*!
The ſober *Saturn Aſpects*, *Cinthia* bright,
Reſigning *Hers*, to give us thy *New Light*;
The Gentle *Venus* Roſe with *Mercury*,
(Preſage of *Softneſs* in thy *Poeſy*)
And *Jove*, and *Mars* in Amicable *Trine*
Dó ſtill give *Spirit* to thy *Poliſh'd Line*.
Thou *mayſt* do what thou *wilt* without *controul*:
Only thy ſelf and Heav'n can Paint thy Soul.

FRAN. BARNARD.

TO

TO MY

Worthy Friend,

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

Upon the Publishing of his

POEMS.

RUdde, and unpolish'd as my lines can be,
I must start forth into the world with Thee.
That which, yet *Private*, did my wonder raise;
Now 'tis made *Publique* challenge's my praise:
Such miracles my charming Verse can do,
Where e're it goes, It draw's me with it too.
This is a kind of *Birthday* to thy *Muse!*
Transported with delight I cannot chuse
But bid Her *Welcome to the Light*, and tell,
How much I value what is writ so well;
Tho' Thou reap'st no advantage by my Rhime,
More than a Taper helps the Day to shine.

Thus

Thus in *dull Pomp* do's th' *Empty Coach* attend
To pay respect to some *departed* Friend!
The difference of Regard in this do's ly,
That Honours *Dust*, *Mine that* which cannot *Dy*.
For what can blast the labours of thy Pen,
While wit and vertue are allow'd by men?
Thou entertain'st the world with such a Feast
So cleanly and so elegantly dreſt,
So stor'd with laudable varieties
As may a modest Appetite suffice;
Who ever is thy Guest is sure to find
Something or other that may please his mind.
Sometimes ~~in pious flames thy Muse~~ aspire's
Her bosome warm'd with supernatural fires;
In noble flights with *Pindar*, soar's above;
Dallie's sometimes with *not-indecent Love*,
Thence down into the *Grave* do's humbly creep,
And renders *Death* desirable as *Sleep*.
The *Debuonair*, the *Melancholy Heer*
Find matter for their Mirth, ease for their Care.
Easie thy Verse, Clean thy Conceptions are,
Neither too proud, Nor too familiar.

Since

Since ſuch Proviſions made for all that come,
He muſt be *ſqueamiſh* that goe's *Empty* home;
If *Theſe Refections* cannot do him good,
'Tis 'cauſe his *Stomack's vitious*, not the *Food*.

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

STrange Magick of thy wit and ſtile
Which to their griefs mankind can Reconcile!
Whilſt thy *Philander's* tuneful voice we hear
Condoling our diſaſtrous ſtate,
Toucht with a ſenſe of our hard fate,
We ſigh perhaps or drop a tear,
But he the mournful Song ſo ſweetly ſings,
That more of Pleaſure than Regret it brings
With ſuch *becoming grief*
The *Trojan* Chief
Troy's Conflagration did relate,

Whil'ſt ev'n the *ſuff'rers* in the Fire drew near
And with a greedy ear
Devour'd the ſtory of their own ſubverted ſtate.

II.

Kind Heav'n (as to her *darling* Son) to Thee
A double Portion did impart,
A Gift of Painting and of Poeſy:
But for thy Rivals in the Painters Art,
If well they *Repreſent*, they can effect
No more, nor can we more expect.
But more than this *Thy* happy Pencils give;
Thy draughts are more than Repreſentative,
For, if we'l credit our own eyes, they *Live*!
Ah! Worthy Friend cou'd Thou maintain the State
Of what with ſo much eaſe thou do'ſt Create,
We might Reflect on Death with Scorn!
But Pictures like th' Originals decay!
Of Colours Thoſe conſiſt, and theſe of Clay;
A like Compos'd of *Duſt*, to *Duſt* alike Return!

Yet

III.

Yet 'tis our Happineſs to ſee
Oblivion, Death, and adverſe Deſtiny
Encountred, Vanquiſh'd, and diſarm'd by thee.
For if thy Pencils fail,
Change thy *Artillery*
And Thou 'rt ſecure of Victory,
Employ thy *Quill* and thou ſhalt ſtill prevail.
The Grand Deſtroyer, greedy Time, reveres
Thy *Fancy*'s *Imag'ry*, and ſpares
The meaneſt things that bear
Th' Impreſſion of thy Pen;
Tho' courſe and cheap their natural *mettal* were,
Stampt with thy *verſe* he knows th' are ſacred, then.
He knows them by that *Character* to be
Predeſtinate and *ſet apart* for *Immortality*.

IV.

If native Luſtre in thy Theams appear,
Improv'd by thee it ſhines more clear:
Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,

Thy Fancy need but dart a beam
To guild thy Theam,
And make the *rude maſs* beautiful and bright.
Thou vary'ſt oft thy Strains, but ſtill
Succeſs attends each ſtrain:
Thy verſe is always as loſty as the Hill,
Or pleaſant as the plain.
How well thy Muſe the *Paſtoral Song* improves!
Whoſe *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*,
As innocent and yet as kind as *Doves*.
But moſt She moves our Wonder and Delight,
When She performs her looſe *Pindariqu' flight*,
Oft to their outmoſt reach She will extend
Her towring Wings to ſoar on high,
And then by juſt degrees deſcend:
Oft in a ſwift ſtrait Courſe She glides,
Obliquely oft the air divides,
And oft with wanton play hangs hov'ring in the Sky.

Whilſt

V.

Whilst Sense of duty into my artless Muse
Th' ambition would infuse
To mingle with those *Nymphs* that Homage pay,
And wait on Thine in her *Triumphant way*,
Defect of merit checks her forward pride,
And makes her dread t' approach thy Chariot side,
For 'twere at least a rude Indecency
(If not *Profane*) t' appear
At this *Solemnity*,
Crown'd with no *Lawrel* (as others are)
But this she will presume to do,
At *distance* to attend the *show*,
Officiously to gather of
The *Scatter'd Bayes*, if any drop
From others *Temples*, and with those
A plain *Plebeian Coronet* compose.
This, as your *Livery*, she'd wear, to hide
Her *Nakedness*, not gratifie her *Pride!*

While Woods, and Vaults, the Brook and neighbouring Hill,
Repeat the varied close, and the melodious *Trill*.

II.

Here feast your *Ears*, but let your *Eye*
Wander, and see one of the lesser frie
Under a leaf, or on a dancing twig,
Ruffle his *painted feathers*, and *look big*,
Pirk up his tayle, and hop between
The boughs; *by moving*, *only to be seen*,
Perhaps his *troubled breast* he *prunes*,
As he doth *meditate* on his *tunes*:
At last (*compos'd*) his little head he rears,
Towards (what he strives to imitate) the *Spheers*;
And chirping then begins his best,
Falls on to *Pipe among the rest*;
Deeming that *all's not worth a rush*,
Without *his Whistle from the bush*.

Th' *harmonious*

III.

Th' *harmonious ſound* did reach my ear,
That *ecchoʼd Thy* clear *Name*,
Which all muſt know, who e're did hear,
Of *Cowley* or *Orinda*'s fame;
I heard the *Genius*, with ſurprizing Grace,
Would viſit us with his fair off-ſpring, gay
As is the morning ſpring in *May*;
But fairer much and of *immortal race*.

IV.

Delighted greatly, as *I liſtning* ſtood,
The *ſound* came from each corner of the *wood*;
It both the *Shrubs*, and *Cedars* ſhak't,
And *my* drowſy *Muſe* awak't;
Strange that the *ſound* ſhould be ſo ſhrill,
That had its *paſſage* through a *Quill*.
Then I reſolv'd *Thy* praiſes to rehearſe,
The wonders of *Thy Pen*, among the *Croud*
Of thy *learn'd Friends* that *ſing ſo loud*:
But 'twas not to be *ſung*, or reach't in *verſe*.

By

The

The

Lucretius.

POEMS.

POEMS

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS

EARL of

OSSORY.

Pindariq' Ode.

Stanza. I.

NO more!---Alas that bitter word, *No more!*
The Great, the Just, the Generous, the Kind,
The universal Darling of Mankind,
The Noble *Ossory* is now *No more!*

The Mighty Man is fall'n—
From Glory's lofty Pinacle,
Meanly like one of Us He fell,
Not in the hot purſuit of Victory,
As Gallant Men would chuſe to dy;
But tamely, like a poor Plebeian, from his Bed
To the dark Grave a Captive led;
Emaſculating Sighs, and Groans around,
His Friends in Flouds of Sorrow drown'd;
His awful Truncheon, and bright Arms laid by,
He bow'd his glorious Head to Deſtiny.

II.

Celeſtial Powers, how unconcern'd you are?
No black Eclipſe, or Blazing-Star
Preſag'd the Death of this Illuſtrious Man,
No Deluge, no, nor Hurricane;
In her old wonted courſe Nature went on,
As if ſome common thing were done,
One ſingle Victim to Deaths Altar's come,
And not in *OSSORY* an whole Hecatombe.
Yet, when the Founder of Old *Rome* expir'd,

When

When the *Pellian* Youth resign'd his Breath,
And when the great *Dictator* stoop'd to Death,
Nature and all her Faculties retir'd;
Amaz'd she started when amaz'd she saw
The breaches of her ancient Fundamental Law,
Which kept the World in aw;
For men less brave than *Him*, her very Heart did (ake,
The labouring Earth did quake,
And Trees their fixt Foundations did forsake;
Nature in some prodigious way
Gave notice of their fatal Day.
Those lesser Griefs with pain she thus exprest,
This did confound, and overwhelm her Brest.

III.

Shrink ye *Crown'd Heads*, that think your selves (secure,
And from your mouldring Thrones look (down,
Your greatness cannot long endure,
The *King of Terrors* claims you for his own;
You are but Tributaries to his dreadful Crown,

Renown'd, Serene, Imperial, most August,
Are only high and mighty Epithets for Dust.
In vain, in vain so high
Our tow'ring expectations flie,
While th' Blossoms of our hopes, so fresh, so (gay,
Appear, and promise Fruit, then fade away.
From valiant *OSSORY*'s ever Loyal Hands
What did we not believe?
We dream't of yet unconquer'd Lands
He to his *Prince* could give,
And Neighbouring Crowns retrieve;
Expected that he would in Triumph come
Laden with Spoils, and *Affrick* Banners home,
As if an *Hero*'s years
Were as unbounded as our fond Desires.

IV.

Lament, Lament, you that dare *Honour* love,
And court her at a Noble rate
(Your Prowess to approve,)
That dare religiously upon *Her* wait,

And

And blush not to grow Good, when you grow (Great,
Such Mourners suit *His* Vertue, such *His* State.
And you, brave Souls, who for your Countrie's (good
Did wond'rous things in Fields, and Seas of (Blood,
Lament th' undaunted Chief that led you on;
Whose exemplary Courage could inspire
The most degenerate Heart, with Martial English (Fire.
Your bleeding wounds who shall hereafter dress
With an indulgent tenderness;
Touch't with a melting Sympathy,
Who shall your Wants supply?
Since He, your good *Samaritan* is gone.
O Charity! thou richest Boon of Heaven,
To Man, in pity given!
(For when well meaning Mortals give,
The Poor's, and their own Bowels they relieve;)
Thou mak'st us with alacrity to Dy,
Miss't and bewail'd like Thee large-hearted *OS-* (*SORY.*

V.

Arise ye blest Inhabitants Above,
From your Immortal Seats Arise,
And on our Wonder, on our Love
Gaze with astonish't Eyes.
Arise! Arise! make roome,
Th' exalted *Shade* is come.
See where He comes! what Princely Port He (bears!
How God-like He appears!
His shining Temples round
With Wreaths of everlasting Lawrels bound!
As from the bloody Field of *Mons* He came,
Where He out-fought th' Hyperbolies of Fame.
See how the Guardian Angel of our Isle
Receiv's the Deifi'd Champion with a Smile!
Welcome the Guardian-Angel say's
Full of Songs of Joy and Praise,
Welcome Thou art to me,
And to these Regions of Serenitie!
Welcome the Winged Quire resounds,
While with loud *Enge*'s all the Sacred place a- (bounds.

To the Memory of the Incomparable

ORINDA.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble or brave in Woman-kind;
To all the Wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their Mind:
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone:
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flowne;
There's nought on earth, but Ashes left behind;
E'r since the amazing sound was spread
Orinda's dead.
Every soft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford;
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to set the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless world would stay.
Thus, when the death of the great *Pan* was told,
Along the shore the dismal tidings roll'd;

The lesser Gods their Fanes forsook,
Confounded with the mighty stroke,
They could not overlive that fatal day,
But sigh'd and groan'd their gasping *Oracles* away.

II.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate!
And how severe that black Decree!
No sublunary thing is free,
But all must enter th' *Adamantine* Gate:
Sooner, or later must we come
To Natures dark retiring Room:
And yet 'tis pity, Is it not?
The Learned, as the Fool should die,
One, full as low, as t' other Lie;
Together blended in the general lot!
Distinguish't only from the common Croud
By an *hing'd Coffin* or a *Holland Shroud*,
Tho Fame and Honour speak them ne'r so loud,
Alas *Orinda!* even Thou;
Whose happy Verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give,
Blasted are all thy blooming Glories now,

The

The Lawrel withers o're thy brow:
Methinks it ſhould diſturb Thee to conceive
That when poor I, this artleſs breath reſign,
My duſt ſhould have as much of Poetry as thine!

III.

Too ſoon we languiſh with deſire,
Of what we never could enough admire.
On th' billows of this World ſometimes we riſe,
So dangerouſly high,
We are to Heaven too nigh:
When all in rage,
(Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very ſelf-ſame fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Proſpect gave,
Swoln to a Mountain, ſinks into a Grave.
Too happy Mortals if the Powers above,
As merciful would be,
And eaſie to preſerve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our wearied eyes,
They fix a *flaming ſword* 'twixt us and *Paradiſe!*
A weeping evening blur's a ſmiling day,

Yet

Yet why should heads of Gold have feet of Clay?
Why should the man that wav'd th' *Almighty*
That led the murmuring Croud (*wand*,
By *Pillar* and by *Cloud*,
Shivering a top of Aëry *Pisgah* stand
Only to see, but never, never tread the *Promis'd*
(*Land*.

IV.

Throw your Swords and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War!
You cannot purchase e'r you die
One honourable Scar,
Since that fair hand that guilded all your Bayes;
That in Heroick numbers wrote your praise,
That you might safely sleep in Honours Bed,
It self, alas! is wither'd, cold, and dead,
Cold and dead are all those charms
That burnisht your victorious arms;
Those useless things hereafter must
Blush first in Blood, and then in Rust:
No oil, but that of her smooth words can serve,
Weapon and Warriour to preserve.

Expect

Expect no more from this dull Age
But folly, or Poëtick rage,
Short-liv'd nothings of the stage,
Vented to day, and cry'd to morrow down;
With her the Soul of Poesie is gone,
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch, as she has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
E're th' drowsie world perceiv'd that *Manna* was (come down.

V.

You of the *Sex* that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by *Orinda*'s Tomb,
And leave your flattering Glass at home,
Within that Marble Mirror see,
How one day such as she
You must, and yet alas! can never be!
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole,

Think

Think on the wonders of her generous Pen,
'Twas ſhe made *Pompey* truly *Great*;
Neither the purchaſe of his ſweat
Nor yet *Cornelia*'s kindneſs made him live again:
With envy think, when to the grave you go,
How very little muſt be ſaid of you,
Since all that can be ſaid of vertuous Woman was (her due.

The Review.

Pindarique Ode to Dr. *W. S.*

Stanza I.

WHen firſt I ſtept into th' alluring Maze
To tread this world's myſterious ways,
Alas! I had nor guide, nor clue,
No *Ariadne* lent her hand,
Not one of *Vertue*'s Guards did bid me ſtand,
Or ask't me what I meant to do,
Or whither I would go:
This Labyrinth ſo pleaſant did appear,

I loſt my ſelf with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent,
Out-ſtraggled *Homer*'s crafty *Wanderer*,
And ten years more than he, in fruitleſs Travels (ſpent;
The one half of my life is gone,
The ſhadow the *Meridian* paſt;
Death's diſmal Evening drawing on,
Which much with damps and miſts be overcaſt,
An Evening, that will ſurely come,
'Tis time, high time to give my ſelf the welcome (home.

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd,
That all the *Royal Preacher* ſaid, was true,
When firſt I entred on the Stage,
And vanity ſo hotly did purſue;
Convinc'd by his experience, not my age!
I had my ſelf long ſince retriev'd,
I ſhould have let the Curtain down,
Before the Fools part had begun:
But I throughout the tedious play have been
Concern'd in every buſie Scene;

Too

Too too inquisitive I try'd
Now this, anon another Face,
And then a third, more odd, took place,
Was every thing, but what I was,
Such was my *Protean* folly, such my pride
Befool'd through all the Tragy-Comedy,
Where others met with hissing to expect a *Plau-*
(dite:

III.

I had a mind the *Pastoral* to prove,
Searching for happiness in Love,
And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,
A little naked Boy hard by,
The Dove, which has no gall,
The Boy no dangerous Arms at all;
They do thee wrong (great Love) said I,
Much wrong, great Love! —scarce had I
'Ere into my unwary bosome came (spoke
An inextinguishable flame:
From fair *Amira*'s eyes the lightening broke,
That left me more than Thunder-stroke;
She carries tempest in that lovely name:

Love's

Love's mighty and tumultuous pain
Disorders Nature like an Hurricane:
Yet could n't I believe such storms could be,
When I launch't forth to Sea;
Promis'd my self a calm, and easie way,
Though I had seen before,
Piteous ruins on the shore,
And on the naked Beach *Leander* breathless lay.

IV.

To extricate my self from Love
Which I could ill obey, but worse command,
I took my Pencils in my hand,
With that Artillery for Conquest strove,
Like wise *Pigmalion* then did I
My self design my Deity;
Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine:
If she did frown, one dash could make her smile,
All bickerings one easie stroak could reconcile,
Plato feign'd no *Idea* so divine:
Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
While in my eyes my Soul did play,
Thus did the time, and thus thy self beguile;

Till

Till on a day, but then I knew not why,
A tear fall'n from my eye,
Wash't out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity:
Prophetique chance; the lines are gone,
And I must mourn o're what I doted on:
I find even *Giotto's Circle* has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then inclin'd;
Verse that emancipates the mind,
Verse that unbends the Soul;
That Amulet of sickly fame,
Verse that from *wind* articulate's *Name*;
Verse for both Fortunes fit, to smile and to condole:
'Ere I had long the Tryal made,
A serious thought made me afraid:
For I had heard *Parnassus* sacred Hill,
Was so prodigiously high,
It's barren Top so near the skie;
The *Æther* there
So very pure, so subtle, and so rare,
'Twould a *Camæleon* kill
The Beast that is all Lungs, and feeds on Air;

Poëts

Poëts the higher up that Hill they go,
Like Pilgrims, ſhare the leſs of what's below:
Hence 'tis they go repining on,
And murmure more than their own *Helicon*.
I heard them curſe their ſtars in ponderous Rhimes
And in grave numbers grumble at the times;
Yet where th' Illuſtrious *Cowley* led the way,
I thought it great diſcretion there to go aſtray.

VI.

From liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not Ambition, did me draw;
I look't at awful Quoiſe, and ſcarlet Gown
Through others Opticks, not my own:
Unty the *Gordian Knot* that will,
I ſee no Rhetorick at all
In them that learnedly can brawl,
And fill with mercenary breath the ſpacious Hall;
Let me be peaceable, let me be ſtill.
The ſolitary *Tisbite* heard the wind,
With ſtrength and violence combin'd,
That rent the Mountains and did make
The ſolid Earth's foundations ſhake,

He saw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid (noise,
But found what he expected in the *small still* (*voice.*

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy rest,
But I must try
A pitch more high,
To read the starry language of the East;
And with *Caldean* Curiosity
Presum'd to solve the Riddles of the Skie;
Impatient till I knew my doom,
Dejected till the good *direction* come,
I rip't up Fate's forbidden Womb,
Nor would I stay till it brought forth
An easie and a natural birth,
But was solicitous to know.
The yet mishapen *Embrio*,
(Preposterous crime)
Without the formal Midwifry of time:
Fond man! as if too little grief were given
On earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven:
Permits himself with fear to be unmann'd,

Belshazzar

Belshazzar-like grows wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at that writing of the hand,
Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd *Magicians*
(understand.

VIII.

And now at last what's the result of all?
Should the strict *Audit* come,
And for th' Accompt too early call;
A num'rous heap of Ciphers, would be found the
(total Sum.
When incompassionate Age shall plow
The delicate *Amira*'s brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long,
What hardy youth is he
Will after that a Reaper be,
Or sing the Harvest Song?
And what is Verse, but an effeminate vent
Either of Lust or Discontent?
Colours will *starve*, and all their Glories die,
Invented only to deceive the eye;
And he that wily Law does love,
Much more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*,

There's nothing in *Astrology*,
But *Delphick* ambiguity;
We are misguided in the Dark, and thus
Each Star becomes an *Ignis fatuus*:
Yet pardon me you glorious lamps of light,
'Twas one of you that led the way,
Dispell'd the gloomy night,
Became a *Phospher* to th' Eternal Day,
And shew'd the *Magi* where th' *Almighty Infant* (lay.

IX.

At length the doubtful Victory's won,
It was a cunning Ambuscade
The world for my felicities had laid;
Yet now at length the day's our own,
Now Conqueror-like let us new Laws set down,
Henceforth let all our Love *Seraphick* turn,
The sprightly and the vigorous flame
On th' Altar let it ever burn,
And sacrifice its ancient name:
A Tablet on my heart, next I'le prepare
Where I would draw the Holy Sepulchre,

Behind

Behind it a ſoft Landskip I would lay
Of melancholly *Golgotha*!
On th' Altar let me all my ſpoils lay down,
And if I had One, there I'de hang my Laurel (Crown.
Give me the *Pandects* of the Law Divine,
Such was the Law made *Moſes* face to ſhine.
Thus beyond *Saturns* heavy *Orb* I'le towre,
And laugh at his malicious power,
Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'le go
Above unactive Earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Toſt on the wings of every wind,
After theſe hoverings to and fro;
(And ſtill the waters higher grow)
Not knowing where a reſting-place to find,
Whether for Sanctuary ſhould I go
But (Reverend Friend) to you?
You that have triumpht o're th' impetuous flood,
That *Noah*-like, in bad times durſt be good,
And the ſtiff Torrent manfully withſtood,
Can ſave me too;

One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
Surrounded by the rolling waves of sin,
Do you but reach out a propitious hand
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet despair to see dry land.
'Tis done;——I and no longer fluctuate,
I've made the Church my *Ark*, and *Sions* Hill my (*Ararat*.

To my Worthy Friend
Mr. SAM. WOODFORD,
on his Excellent Version of the
PSALMS.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

SEe (worthy friend) what I would do;
(Whom neither Muse nor Art inspire)
That have no Friend in all the sacred Quire,
To shew my kindness for your Book, and you,
Forc'd

Forc'd to disparage, what I would admire;
Bold man, that dares attempt *Pindariqu'* now,
Since the great *Pindar's* greatest Son
From the ingrateful Age is gone,
Cowley has bid th' ingrateful Age adieu;
Apollo's rare *Columbus*, he
Found out new words of Poesie:
He, like an Eagle, soar'd aloft;
To seize his noble prey;
Yet as a Dove's, his Soul was soft,
Quiet as Night, but bright as Day:
To Heaven in a fiery Chariot He
Ascended by *Seraphiqu'* Poëtry;
Yet which of us dull Mortals since can find
Any inspiring Mantle, that He left behind?

II.

His powerful numbers might have done you right;
He could have spar'd you immortality,
Under that Chieftain's Banners you might fight
Assur'd of Lawrels, and of Victory
Over devouring time, and sword, and fire,
And *Jove's* important ire:

My humble Verſe would better ſing
David the *Shepherd*, than the *King*;
And yet methinks 'tis ſtately to be one
(Tho' of the meaner ſort,)
Of them that may approach a Princes Throne,
If 'twere but to be ſeen at Court.
Such (Sir) is my ambition for a name,
Which I ſhall rather take from you, than give,
For in your Book I cannot miſs of Fame,
But by contact ſhall live.
Thus on your Chariot Wheel ſhall I
Ride ſafe, and look as big as *Æſop*'s Fly,
Who from th' *Olympian* Race new come,
And now triumphantly flown home,
To's neighbours of the ſwarm, thus, proudly ſaid,
Don't you remember what a duſt I made!

III.

Where e're the Son of *Jeſſe*'s Harp ſhall ſound,
Or *Iſrael*'s ſweeteſt Songs be ſung,
(Like *Sampſon*'s Lion ſweet and ſtrong)
You and your happy Muſe ſhall be renown'd,
To whoſe kind hand the Son of *Jeſſe* owes

His

His last deliverance from all his Foes.
Blood-thirsty *Saul* less barbarous than they,
His person only sought to kill;
These did his deathless Poëms slay,
And sought immortal blood to spill,
To sing whose Songs in *Babylon* would be
A new Captivity:
Deposed by these Rebels, you alone
Restor'd the Glorious *David* to his Throne.
Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay,
Long from his own thoughts banished,
Ne're since his death 'till this illustrious day
Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown plac'd on his (Head:
He seem'd as if at *Gath* he still had bin,
As once before proud *Achish* he appear'd,
His Face besmear'd,
With spittle on his sacred Beard,
A laughing-stock to the insulting *Philistine*.
Drest in their Rhimes, he lookt as he were mad,
In *Tyssue* you, and *Tyrian Purple* have him clad.

On

On the Death of the truly valiant

GEORGE

Duke of

ALBEMARLE.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NOw blush thy self into confusion
Ridiculous Mortality;
With indignation to be trampled on
By them that Court Eternity;
Whose Generous Deeds, and Prosperous State
Seem poorly set within the reach of Fate,
Whose every Trophy, and each Lawrel wreath
Depends upon a little breath;
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of time,
And of incertain age,
With doubtful hazards they engage, (climb;
Thrown down, while victory bids them higher
Their

Their Glories are eclips'd by Death.
Hard circumſtances of Illuſtrious Men
Whom nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detain's
Within the Bodies chains
(Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*)
Stout *Bajazet* diſdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that inſulting Conquerour,
Bravely himſelf uſurp't his own expiring power,
By daſhing out his Brains againſt his Iron Cage.

II.

But 'tis incident to complain,
And wretched Mortals curſe their ſtars in vain,
In vain they waſte their tears for them that die,
Themſelves involv'd in the ſame deſtiny,
No more with ſorrow let it then be ſaid
The Glorious *Albemarle* is dead;
Let what is ſaid of Him triumphant be,
Words as gay, as His Fame,
And as manly as his Name,
Words as ample as his Praiſe,
And as verdant as his Bayes,
An *Epinicion*, not an Elegy.

Yet

Yet why ſhould'ſt thou, ambitious Muſe, believe
Thy gloomy Verſe, can any ſplendors give,
Or make him one ſmall Moment longer live?
Nothing but what is vulgar thou canſt ſay;
Or misbecoming numbers ſing
What tribute to his memory canſt thou pay,
Whoſe Vertue ſav'd a Crown, and could oblige a
(King?

III.

Many a year diſtreſſed *Albion* lay
By her unnatural Off-ſpring torn,
Once the Worlds terrour, then its ſcorn,
At home a Priſon, and abroad a Prey:
Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
And mutual blood did ſpill,
Uſurpers then, and many a Muſhroom Peer
Within her Palaces did domineer;
There did the Vulture build his Neſt,
There the Owls, and Satyrs reſt,
By *Zim* and *Ohim* all poſſeſt,
'Till *England*'s Angel Guardian, Thou,
With pity, and with anger mov'd
For *Albion* thy belov'd,
(Olive

(Olive Chapplets on thy brow)
With bloudless hands upheld'st her drooping head,
And with thy Trumpets call'dst her from the dead.
Bright *Phosper* to the rising Sun!
That Royal Lamp, by Thee did first appear
Usher'd into our happy Hemisphære;
O may it still shine bright and clear!
No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a constant
(Noon!

IV.

Nor thus did thy undaunted Valour cease;
Or wither with unactive peace:
Scarce were our Civil broyls allay'd,
While yet the wound of an intestine War,
Had left a tender scar,
When of our new Prosperities afraid,
Our Jealous Neighbours fatal Arms prepare;
In floating Groves the Enemy drew near,
Loud did the *Belgian Lyon* roar,
'Ipon our Coasts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durst attempt our native shore,
Till his victorious Squadrons checkt their pride,
And did in Triumph o're the Ocean ride.

With

With thunder, lightning, and with clouds of ſmoke
He did their Inſolence reſtrain,
And gave his dreadful Law to all the main,
Whoſe ſurly billows trembled when he ſpoke,
And put their willing necks under his Yoke;
This the ſtupendious Vanquiſher has done,
Whoſe high Prerogative it was alone
To raiſe a ruin'd, and ſecure an envy'd Throne.

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
From Heaven a dreadful Peſtilence came down,
On every ſide did lamentations riſe,
Baleful ſigh, and heavy groan,
All was plain't, and all was moan!
The pious Friend with trembling love,
Scarce had his lateſt kindneſs done,
In ſealing up his dead Friends eyes,
'Ere with his own ſurprizing fate he ſtrove,
And wanted one to cloſe his own,
Death's Iron Scepter bore the ſway
O're our Imperial *Golgotha*,
Yet he with kind, though unconcerned eyes,

Durſt

Durſt ſtay and ſee thoſe numerous Tragedies.
He in the field had ſeen Death's greiſly ſhape,
Heard him in Volleys talk aloud
Beheld his Grandeur in a glittering Croud,
And unamaz'd ſeen him in Cannons gape:
Ever unterrified His Valour ſtood
Like ſome tall Rock amid'ſt a Sea of Blood:
'Twas loyalty from Sword and Peſt kept him alive,
The ſafeſt Armour, and the beſt Preſervative.

VI.

The flaming City next implor'd his Aid,
And ſeaſonably pray'd (obey'd,
His force againſt the Fire, whoſe Arms the Seas
Wide did th' impetuous torrent ſpread,
Then thoſe goodly Fabricks fell,
Temples themſelves promiſcuouſly there
Drop't down, and in the common ruin buried
The City turned into one *Mongibel*: (were,
The haughty Tyrant ſhook his curled head,
His breath with vengeance black, his face with (fury red.
Then every cheek grew wan and pale,
Every heart did yield and fail,
Nought

Nought but Thy Presence could its Power sup-
Whose stronger light put out the loss, (press
As *London*'s noble Structures rise,
Together shall His Memory grow,
To whom that beauteous Town so much does owe.
London! joynt Favourite with Him Thou wer't,
As both possest a Room within one heart,
So now with thine indulgent Soveraign joyn,
Respect his great Friends ashes, for He wep't o'er
(Thine.

VII.

Thus did the *Duke* perform his mighty Stage,
Thus did that *Atlas* of our State,
With his Prodigious Acts amaze the Age,
While Worlds of wonders on his shoulders sate,
Full of Glories, and of Years,
He trod his shining, and immortal way,
Whilst *Albion* compass'd with new floods of tears
Besought his longer stay.
Prophane that Pen, that dares describe thy bliss,
Or write thine *Apotheosis*!
Whom Heaven and thy Prince to pleasure strove,
Entrusted with their Armies and their Love.

In

In other Courts 'tis dangerous to deſerve,
Thou did'ſt a kind, and grateful Maſter ſerve,
Who, to expreſs his Gratitude to Thee,
Scorn'd thoſe ill-natur'd arts of Policy.
Happy had *Belliſarius* bin
(Whoſe forward fortune was his ſin)
By many Victories undone,
He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obſcure,
If for thy Prince thoſe Battels he had won,
Thy Prince, magnificent above his Emperour.

VIII.

Among the Gods, thoſe Gods that dy'd like thee,
As great as theirs, and full of Majeſty
Thy ſacred Duſt ſhall ſleep ſecure,
Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
There, free from envy, Thou with them,
Shal't have thy ſhare of Diadem;
Among their Badges ſhall be ſet
Thy Garter and thy Coronet;
Or (which is ſtatelyer) thou ſhalt have
A *Mauſolæum* in thy Prince's breaſt,
There thine embalmed name ſhall reſt;

That Sanctuary shall thee save,
From the dishonours of a Regal Grave:
And every wondrous History,
Read by incredulous Posterity,
That writes of *him*, shall honourably mention *thee*,
Who by an humble Loyalty has't shown,
How much sublimer gallantry, and renown
'Tis to *restore*, than to *usurp* a *Monarchs Crown*.

The Retirement.

Pindarique Ode made in the time of the Great Sickness 1665.

Stanza I.

IN the milde close of an hot Summers day,
When a cool Breeze had fann'd the Air,
And Heaven's face look't smooth and fair;
Lovely as sleeping Infants be,
That in their slumbers smilingly,
Dandled on the Mothers knee,
You hear no cry,

No

No harſh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noiſe:
When every ſweet, which the Sun's greedy ray
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew;
Weary, and faint, and full of thought,
Tho' for what cauſe I knew not well,
What I ail'd, I could not tell,
I ſate me down at an ag'd Poplars root,
Whoſe chiding leaves excepted and my breaſt,
All the impertinently-buſi'd-word inclin'd to reſt.

II.

I liſt'ned heedfully around,
But not a whiſper there was found.
The murmuring Brook hard by,
As heavy, and as dull as I,
Seem'd drowſily along to creep;
It ran with undiſcovered pace,
And if a Pebble ſtopt the lazy race,
'Twas but as if it ſtarted in its ſleep,
Eccho her ſelf, that ever lent an ear
To any piteous tone;

Wont to grone, with them that grone,
Eccho her ſelf was ſpeechleſs here.
Thrice did I ſigh, Thrice miſerably cry,
Ai me! the *Nymph* ai me! would not reply,
Or churliſh, or ſhe was a ſleep for company.

III.

I thought on every penſive thing,
That might my paſſion ſtrongly move;
That might the ſweeteſt ſadneſs bring;
Oft did I think on Death, and oft of Love,
The triumphs of the *little God*, and that ſame (*gaſtly King*;
The gaſtly King, what has he done?
How his pale Territories ſpread!
Strait ſcantlings now of conſecrated ground
His ſwelling Empire cannot bound,
But every day new *Colonies* of dead
Enhance his Conqueſts, and advance his Throne.
The mighty *City* ſav'd from ſtorms of war,
Exempted from the Crimſon Flood,
When all the Land o're flow'd with blood,
Stoop's yet once more at a new Conqueror:

The

The *City* which so many Rivals bred,
Sackcloath is on her loyns, and ashes on her head.

IV.

When will the frowning Heav'n begin to smile;
Those pitchy clouds be overblown,
That hid the mighty Town,
That I may see the mighty pyle!
When will the angry Angel cease to slay;
And turn his brandish't sword away
From that illustrous *Golgotha*,
London, the great *Aceldama*!
When will that stately *Landscape* open lie,
The mist withdraw that intercepts my eye!
That heap of *Pyramids* appear,
Which now, too much like those of *Egypt* are:
Eternal Monuments of Pride and Sin,
Magnificent and tall without, but Dead mens bones (within.

Translated out of a Part of Petronius Arbiters Satyricon.

I.

AFter a bluſtring tedious night,
The winds now huſh't, and the black tempeſt o're,
Which the crazy veſſel miſerably tore,
Behold a lamentable ſight!
Rolling far off, upon a briny wave,
Compaſſionate *Philander* ſpi'd
A floating Carcaſs ride,
That ſeem'd to beg the kindneſs of a Grave.

II.

Sad, and concern'd *Philander* then
Weigh'd with himſelf the frail, uncertain ſtate
Of ſilly, ſtrangely diſappointed men,
Whoſe projects are the ſport of Fate,
Perhaps (ſaid he) this poor man's deſolate wife
In a ſtrange Country far away,

Ex-

Expects ſome happy day,
This gaſtly thing, the comfort of her life:

III.

His Son it may be dreads no harm,
But kindly waits his Fathers coming home,
Himſelf ſecure, he apprehends no ſtorm,
But fancies that he ſees him come.
Perhaps this good old man, that kiſt this Son,
And left a bleſſing on his head,
His arms about him ſpread,
Hopes yet to ſee him e're his Glaſs be run.

IV.

Theſe are the Grand Intrigues of man,
Theſe his huge thoughts, and theſe his vaſt deſires
Reſtleſs, and ſwelling like the Ocean
From his birth till he expires.
See where the naked, breathleſs body lyes
To every puff of wind a ſlave,
At the beck of every wave,
That once perhaps war fair, rich, ſtout, and wiſe!

V.

While thus *Philander* penſive ſaid,
Touch't only with a pity for Mankind,
At nearer view, he thought he knew the Dead,
And call'd the wretched Man to mind:
Alas, ſaid he, art thou that angry Thing,
That with thy looks did'ſt threaten Death,
Plagues and Deſtruction breath,
But two days ſince, little beneath a King!

VI.

Ai me! where is thy fury now,
Thine inſolence, and all thy boundleſs power,
O moſt ridiculouſly dreadful thou!
Expos'd for Beaſts and Fiſhes to devour.
Go ſottiſh Mortals, let your Breaſts ſwell high,
All your deſigns laid deep as Hell,
A ſmall miſchance can quell,
Outwitted by the deeper Plots of Deſtiny.

This

VII.

This haughty Lump a while before
What it would do, when it came safe on shore,
Sooth'd up it self, perhaps with hopes of Life,
What for It's Son, what for It's Wife;
See where the Man, and all his Politicks lie,
Ye Gods! what Gulphs are fet between,
What we have, and what we ween,
Whilst lull'd in dreams of years to come, we die!

VIII.

Nor are we liable alone,
To misadventures on the mercyless Sea,
A thousand other things our Fate bring on,
And Shipwrack: every where we be.
One in the tumult of a Battel dies
Big with conceit of Victory,
And routing th' Enemy,
With Garlands deckt, himself the Sacrifice.

Another,

IX.

Another, while he pays his vows
On bended knees, and Heaven with tears invokes,
With adorations as he humbly bowes,
While with Gums the Altar ſmoaks,
In th' preſence of his God, the Temple falls,
And thus religious in vain
The flatter'd Bigot ſlain,
Breaths out his laſt within the ſacred walls.

X.

Another with Gay Trophies proud,
From his triumphant Chariot overthrown,
Makes paſtime for the Gazers of the Croud,
That envi'd him his purchas'd Crown,
Some with full meals, and ſparkling bowls of wine,
As if it made too long delay,
Spur on their fatal Day,
Whilſt others, (needy Souls) at their's repine.

Conſider

XI.

Consider well, and every place,
Offers a ready Road to thy long home,
Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling face
Th' Ambassadors of Death do come.
By open force or secret ambuscade,
By unintelligible ways,
We end our anxious days,
And flock the large Plantations of the Dead,

XII.

But (some may say) 'tis very hard,
With them, whom heavy chance has Cast away,
With no solemnities at all interr'd,
To roam unburi'd on the Sea:
No——'tis all one where we receive our doom,
Since, somewhere, 'tis our certain lot
Our Carcases must rot,
And they whom heaven covers need no Tomb.

A Thought of DEATH.

WHen on my ſick Bed I languiſh,
Full of ſorrow, full of anguiſh,
Fainting, gaſping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, ſpeechleſs, dying,
My Soul juſt now about to take her flight
Into the Regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What ſhall I do!
What ſhall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears!
Methinks I hear ſome Gentle Spirit ſay,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy ſelf that now thou ſhalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayeſt, but worſe thou can'ſt not be
Than in this Vale of Tears, and Miſery.
Like *Cæſar*, with aſſurance that come on,

And

And unamaz'd, attempt the Lawrel Crown,
That lyes on th' other side Death's *Rubicon*.

Psalm 39. *Verses* 4th, 5th.

VERSE 4th.

LOrd let me know the Period of my Age,
The length of this my weary Pilgrimage,
How long this miserable Life shall last,
This Life that stayes so long, yet flies so fast!

VERSE 5th.

Thou by a Span measurest those days of mine,
Eternity's the spacious bound of Thine:
Who shall compare this little Span with thee,
With Thine Incomprehensibility?
Man born to trouble leaves this World with pain,
His best Estate is altogether vain.

Hymn for the Morning.

AWake my Soul! Awake mine eyes!
Awake my drowsie faculties;
Awake and see the new born Light
Spring from the darksome womb of Night!
Look up and see th' unwearied Sun,
Already is his Race begun:
The pretty Lark is mounted high,
And sings her Mattins in the Sky;
Arise my Soul! and thou my voice
In Songs of Praise, early rejoyce!
O Great Creator! Heavenly King!
Thy Praises let me ever sing!
Thy Power has made, thy Goodness kept
This fenceless Body while I slept,
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the Powers of darkness free:
O keep my heart from Sin secure,
My Life unblameable and pure,
That when the last of all my Days is come,
Chearful and fearless I may wait my Doom.

Anthem

Anthem for the Evening.

SLeep! downy sleep! come close my eyes,
Tyr'd with beholding Vanities!
Sweet slumbers come and chase away
The toiles and follies of the day:
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the World and learn to die.
O *Israels* watchful Shepheard spread
Tents of Angels round my Bed;
Let not the Spirits of the Aire,
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy Suppliant free from harms,
Clasp't in thine everlasting Arms.
Clouds and thick darkness is thy Throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion:
Oh dart from thence a shining Ray,
And then my midnight shall be Day!
Thus when the morn in Crimson drest,
Breaks through the Windows of the East,
My Hymns of thankful Praises shall arise
Like Incense or the morning Sacrifice.

DEATH.

SONG.

OH the sad Day,
When Friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath
See how he struggles with the pangs of Death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be,
Mark how his Breast does swell and rise,
Against his potent Enemy!
When some old Friend shall step to my Bed-side,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide
And when his next Companions say,
How does he do? what hopes? shall turn away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his Fate withstand?
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perswade the peevish world to trouble me no more!

The

The Happy Man.

PEaceful is he, and most secure,
Whose heart; and actions all are pure;
How smooth and pleasant is his way,
Whilst Life's *Meander* slides away
If a fierce Thunderbolt do flie,
This Man can unconcerned lie;
Knows 'tis not levell'd at his head,
So neither noise, nor flash can dread:
Tho' a swift Whirlwind tear in sunder
Heav'n above him, or Earth under;
Tho' the Rocks on heaps do tumble,
Or the World to Ashes crumble,
Tho' the stupendious Mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie:
Should the unruly Ocean roar,
And dash its Foam against the Shore;
He finds no Tempest in his mind,
Fears no Billow, feels no Wind:

All is serene, all quiet there,
There's not one blast of troubled Air,
Old Stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
Yet none of these his Soul amaze,
Such is the man can smile at irksome death,
And with an easie sigh give up his breath.

ON Mr. JOHNSON'S *Several Shipwracks.*

HE that has never yet acquainted been
With cruel chance, nor Vertue naked seen,
Strip't from th' advantages (which vices wear)
Of happy, plausible, successful, fair;
Nor learn't how long the lowring cloud may last,
Wherewith her beauteous face is overcast,
'Till she her native glories does recover,
And shine's more bright, after the Storm is over;
To be inform'd, he need no further go,
Than this Divine Epitome of woe;

In *Johnson's* Life, and Writings he may find,
What *Homer* in his *Odysses* design'd,
A vertuous Man, by miserable fate,
Rendred ten thousand ways unfortunate;
Sometimes within a leaking Vessel tost,
All hopes of life, and the lov'd Shore quite lost,
While hidden Sands, and every greedy Wave,
With horror gap't themselves into a Grave:
Sometimes upon a Rock with fury thrown,
Moaning himself, where none could hear his moane:
Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,
Expos'd to th' mercy of a Barbarous Land:
Such was the Pious *Johnson*, 'till kind Heaven
A blessed End to all his toils had given:
To shew, that vertuous men, tho' they appear,
But *Fortune's* sport, are *Providence's* care.

An Explanation of an

EMBLEM

engraven by V. H.

SE'ſt thou thoſe *Rates*, the *Light* 'bove them?
And that gay thing the *Diadem*?
The *Wheel* and *Balance*, which are ty'd
To th' Gold, black Clouds on either ſide?
Se'ſt thou the winged *Trumpetters* withal,
That Rick the *World's* blew tottering Ball?
The flying *Globe*, the *Glaſs* thereon,
Thoſe fragments of a *Skeleton*?
The *Baies*, the *Pſalms*, the *Fighting men*;
And *written Scroul*?——Come tell me then,
Did thy o're curious eye e'r ſee
An apter Scheme of Miſery?
What's all that *Gold* and ſparkling *Stones*
To that bald Scull, to thoſe *Croſs Bones*?
What mean thoſe *Blades* (whom men adore)
To ſtain the Earth with purple gore?

Sack

Sack ſtately Towns, ſilk Banners ſpread,
Gallop their Courſers o're the Dead,
Far more than this? and all to ſway
But till thoſe ſands ſhall glide away,
For when the *Bubble World* ſhall fly
With ſtretch't out Plumes, when the briſk eye
Shall cloſe with anguiſh, ſink with tears,
And th' Angels Trumpets pierce our ears,
What's haughty Man or thoſe fine things,
Which Heaven calls *Men*, though Men ſtile *Kings*?
Vain *World* adieu! and farewel fond renown!
Give me the *Glory*, that's above the *Crown*!

For THOUGHTS.

I.

THoughts! What are they?
They are my conſtant Friends,
Who, when harſh Fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a ſmiling Ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

II.

When I retire, and flee
The busie throngs of Company;
To hug my self in privacy;
O the discourse! the pleasant talk,
'Twixt us (my thoughts) along a lonely walk!

III.

You like the stupifying Wine
The dying malefactors sip
With shivering lip,
T'abate the rigour of their Doom,
By a less troublous cut to their long home;
Make me slight Crosses, though they pil'd up lie,
All by th' enchantments of an extasie.

IV.

Do I desire to see
The Throne and Majesty
Of that proud one
Brother and Unkle to the Stars and Sun?

Those

Those can conduct me where such Toyes reside,
And wast me cross the Main, *sans* wind and tide.

V.

Would I descrie
Those radiant Mansions 'bove the Skie,
Invisible by Mortal eye?
My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay
A shining Track thereto,
And nimbly fleeting go:
Through all the eleven *Orbs* can shove away,
These too, like *Jacob's* Ladder, are
A most Angelick thorough-fare.

VI.

The Wealth that shines
In th' *Oriental* Mines;
Those sparkling Gems which Nature keeps
Within her Cabinets, the Deeps,
The Verdent Fields,
The Rarities the Rich World yields;
Rare Structures, whose each gilded spire
Glimers like Lightning; which, while men admire,

They deem the neighbouring Skie on fire,
These can I gaze upon and glut mine eyes
With Myriads of varieties.
As on the front of *Pisgah*, I
Can th' *Holy Land* through these my *Opticks* spie.

VII.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence ne'r can divorce
Our mutual amity;
Or lay so damn'd a Curse
As *non addresses*, 'twixt my thoughts and me:
For though I sigh in Irons, They
Use their old freedom, readily obey;
And when my bosome friends desert me, stay.

VIII.

Come then my darlings, I'le embrace
My Priviledge; make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place;
Whose sweet society to me,

A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full Quivers of my Destiny.

Against THOUGHTS.

I.

INtolerable Racks!
Distend my Soul no more,
Loud as the Billows when they roar,
More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks.
Foes inappeasable! that slay
My best contents, around me stand,
Each like a *Fury*, with a Torch in hand;
And fright me from the hopes of one good Day.

II.

When I seclude my self, and say
How frolick will I be,
Unfetter'd from my Company
I'le bath me in felicity!
In come these Guests,
Which *Harpy*-like devile my Feasts,

Oh the damn'd Dialogues, the curſed talk
'Twixt us (my Thoughts) along a ſullen walk.

III.

You, like the poyſonous Wine
The Gallants quaff
To make 'em laugh,
And yet at laſt endure
From thence the tortures of a *Calenture*,
Fool me with feign'd refections, till I lie
Stark raveing in a *Bedlam* extaſie.

IV.

Do I dread
The Starry Throne and Majeſty
Of that High *God*,
Who batters Kingdoms with an Iron Rod,
And makes the Mountains ſtagger with a nod?
That ſits upon the glorious Bow,
Smiling at changes here below.
Theſe goad me to his grand Tribunal, where
They tell me I with horror muſt appear,
And antedate amazements by grim fear.

Woul

V.

Would I descry
Those happy Soul's blest Mansions 'bove the Sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
And in a noble speculation trace
A journey to that shining place?
Can I afford a sigh or two,
Or breath a Wish that I might thither go:
These clip my Plumes, and chill my blazing Love
That O I cannot, cannot soar above.

VI.

The Fire that shines
In Subterranean Mines,
The Chrystall'd streams,
The sulphur Rocks that glow upon
The torrid banks of *Phlegeton*;
Those sooty Fiends which Nature keeps,
Bolted and barr'd up in the deeps;
Black Caves wide Chasms which who see confess
Types of the Pit so deep, so bottomless!

These

These mysteries, though I fain would not behold,
You to my view unfold:
Like an Old Roman Criminal, to the high
Tarpeian Hill you force me up, that I
May so be hurried headly down, and Die.

VII.

Mention not then
The strength, and faculties of men;
Whose Arts cannot expell
These anguishes, this bosome-Hell.
When down my aking head I lay
In hopes to slumber them away;
Perchance I do beguile
The Tyranny a while,
One or two minutes, then they throng again,
And reassault me with a trebled pain:
Nay though I sob in Fetters, they
Spare me not then; perplex me each sad day,
And whom a very *Turk* would pity, slay,

Hence,

VIII.

Hence, Hence, (my Jaylors!) *Thoughts* be
Let my Tranquillities alone. (gone,
Shall I imbrace
A *Crocodile*, or place
My choice affections on the fatal Dart,
That ſtabs me to the heart?
I hate your curſt proximity,
Worſe than the venom'd arrows heads that be
Cramm'd in the quivers of my Deſtiny.

A Dooms-Day Thought.

Anno 1659.

J*Udgment*! two ſyllables can make
The haughtieſt Son of *Adam* ſhake,
'Tis coming, and 'twill ſurely come
The dawning to that *Day* of *Doom*;
O th' morning bluſh of that dread day,
When Heav'n and Earth ſhall ſteal away,

Shall

Shall in their Pristine *Chaos* hide,
Rather than th' angry Judge abide:
'Tis not far off; methinks I see
Among the Stars some dimmer be;
Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
A Neighbouring Extinguisher.
The greater Luminaries fail,
Their Glories by Eclipses vail,
Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light
Must sink in th' Universal Night.
When I behold a Mist arise,
Strait to the same astonish't Eyes,
Th' ascending Clouds do's represent,
A Scene of th' smoaking Firmament;
Oft when I hear a blustering Wind
With a tempestuous murmur joyn'd,
I phancy, *Nature* in this blast,
Practice's how to breath her Last,
Or sigh's for poor Mans misery,
Or pant's for fair Eternity.

Go to the dull Church-yard, and see
Those Hillocks of Mortality.

Where

Where proudest Man is only found
By a small swelling in the Ground;
What Crouds of Carcasses are made
Slave to the Pickax and the Spade!
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends sake;
'Tis odds but in that scantling room,
Thou robb'st another of his Tomb;
Or in thy delving smit'st upon
A Shinbone, or a Cranion.

When th' Prison's full, what next can be
But the Grand Goal Delivery?
The Great *Assize*, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up its Prey;
When from the Dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themselves shall heave,
Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the world shall blaze,
Then climb the Mountains, scale the Rocks,
Force op'n the Deep's Eternal Locks,
Beseech the Clifts to lend an Ear,
Obdurate they, and will not hear.

What?

What? ne're a Cavern ne're a Grot
To cover from the common Lot?
No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
Obſcur'd, and paſs the reck'ning by?
No——Ther's a quick all piercing Eye
Can through the Earth's dark Center pry;
Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
And comprehend Eternity.

What ſhall we do then, when the voice
Of the ſhrill *Trump* with ſtrong fierce noiſe
Shall pierce our Ears, and ſummon all
To th' Univerſe wide Judgment-Hall?
What ſhalt we do, we cannot hide,
Nor yet that ſcrutiny abide:
When enlarg'd Conſcience loudly ſpeaks;
And all our boſom-ſecrets breaks;
When flames ſurround, and greedy *Hell*
Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*
With everlaſting Burnings!) when
Irrevocable words ſhall paſs on Men;
Poor naked Men, who ſometimes, thought
Theſe frights perhaps would come to nought!

What

What ſhall we do! we cannot run
For Refuge, or the ſtrict Judge ſhun?
'Tis too late *then* to think what courſe to take;
While we live here, we muſt proviſion make.

Virtus ſola manet, cætera mortis erunt.

I.

NUnquam ſitivi, quæ vehit aureo
Pactolus *alveo flumina; quo magis*
Potatur Hermus, *tanto avaræ*
Mentis Hydrops ſitibundus ardet.

II.

Fruſtrà caduci carceris incola
Molirer Arces; quilibet angulus
Sat oſſa poſt manes reponet;
Exiguum ſatis eſt Sepulchrum.

III.

Nil ſtemma penſo, nil titulos moror,
Ceráſve áviti ſanguinis indices,
Sunt iſta fatorum, inque Lethes
Naufragium patientur undis.

IV.

Ergo in quieto pectoris ambitu
Quid Mens anhelas fulgura gloriæ,
Laudéſque inanes, & loquacem
Quæ populi ſedet ore, famam.

V.

Letho *ſuperſtes gloria, ſomnii*
Dulcedo vana eſt, fama malignior,
Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum
Ingreditur Popularis Aura.

VI.

Manſura ſector, ſola ſed invida
Expers Sepulchri ſydera trajicit,

Sperném-

Spernénſque fatorum tumultus
Pellit humum generoſa Virtus.

VII.

Præceps novorum cætera menſium
Conſumet ætas, ſerâque temporis
Delebit annoſi vetuſtas
Utopicæ *nova Regna Lunæ.*

Tranſlated.

I.

I Never thirſted for the Golden Flood,
Which o're *Pactolus* wealthy ſands do's roul,
From whence the covetous mind receives no good,
But rather ſwells the dropſie of his Soul.

II.

On Pallaces why ſhould I ſet my Mind,
Impriſon'd in his Bodies mouldring clay?
Ere long to poor ſix foot of Earth confin'd,
Whoſe bones muſt crumble e[illegible] he fatal day.

III.

Titles and Pedigrees, what are they to me,
Or honour gain'd by our Fore-Fathers toil,
The Sport of Fate, whose gaudiest Pageantry
Lethe will wash out, dark Oblivion soyl?

IV.

Why then (my Soul) who fain would be at ease,
Should the Worlds glory dazle thy bright Eye?
Thy self with vain applause why should'st thou (please,
Or dote on Fame, which Fools may take from (Thee?

V.

Praise after death is but a pleasant dream,
The Dead fare ne'r the worse for ill report;
The Ghosts below know nothing of a Name,
Nor ever Popular Carcasses court,

VI.

Give me the lasting Good, *Vertue*, that flies,
Above the Clouds, that tramples on dull Earth,
Exempt

Exempt from Fates tumultuous Mutinies,
Vertue, that cannot need a second Birth:

VII.

All other things must bend their heads to Time,
By Ages mighty Torrent born away,
Hereafter no more thought on than my Rhime,
Or *Faëry* Kingdoms in *Utopia*.

Psalm 15. *Paraphras'd.*

VERSE I.

WHo shall approach the dread *Jehova's* (Throne
Or dwell within thy Courts, O *Holy One*!
That happy man whose feet shall tread the Road
Up *Sion*'s Hill, that Holy Hill of God.

VERSE II.

He that's devout and strict in all he does
That through the sinful World uprightly goes,
The desp'rate heights from whence the great ones
(Giddy with fame) turn not his head at all: (fall)

Stands firm on *Honours* pinnacle, and so
Fears not the dreadful precipice below.
Of Conscience, not of Man, he stands in awe,
Just to observe each tittle of the Law!
His words and thoughts bear not a double part,
His breast is open, and he speaks his heart.

VERSE III.

He that reviles not, or with cruel words,
(Deadly as venome, sharp as two edg'd swords)
Murthers his Friends repute, nor dares believe,
That Rumour which his neighbour's soul may (grieve:
But with kind words embalms his bleeding Name,
Wipes off the rust, and polishes his fame.

VERSE IV.

He in whose eyes the bravest sinners be
Extreamly vile, though rob'd in Majesty;
But if he spies a righteous man (though poor)
Him he can honour, love, admire, adore,
In *Israel's* humbled plains had rather stay,
Than in the Tents of *Kedar* bear the sway:

He

He that ſeverely keeps his ſacred vow,
No mental reſervation dares allow,
But what he ſwears, intends; will rather dy,
Loſe all he has, than tell a *ſolemn Ly*.

VERSE V.

He that extorts not from the needy Soul,
When Laws his Tyranny cannot controul;
He whom a thouſand Empires cannot hire,
Againſt a guiltleſs perſon to conſpire.

He that has theſe perfections, needs no more
What treaſures can be added to his ſtore:
The *Pyramids* ſhall turn to duſt, to hide
Their own vaſt bulk, and haughty Founders pride;
Leviathan ſhall dye within his deep;
The eyes of Heaven cloſe in eternal ſleep;
Confuſion may o'rewhelm both Sea, and Land;
Mountains may tumble down, but he ſhall ſtand.

JOB.

FEw be the days that feeble man must breath,
Yet frequent Troubles antedate his death:
Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,
Fades of it self, or is untimely mown:
Like a thin Aëry shadow does he flie,
Lengthning and shortning still until he die:
And does *Jehovah* think on such a one,
Does he behold him from his mighty throne?
Will he contend with such a worthless thing,
Or Dust and Ashes into Judgment bring?

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the Womb,
Unclean he falls into his drowzy Tomb.
Surely, he cannot answer God, nor be
Accounted pure, before such purity.

Nudus

Nudus Redibo.

NAked I came, when I began to be
A man among the Sons of Misery,
Tender, unarm'd, helpless and quite forlorn
E're since 'twas my hard fortune to be born;
And when the space of a few weary days
Shall be expir'd, then must I go my ways.
Naked I shall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry grave.

Then what's the proudest *Monarch*'s glittering (Robe,
Or what's he more, than I that rul'd the Globe?
Since we must all without distinction die,
And slumber both stark naked, He and I.

AN ELEGY

On the EARL of

SANDWICH.

IF there were ought in Verſe, at once could raiſe,
Or tender pity, or immortal praiſe,
Thine Obſequies, brave *Sandwich* would require
What ever would our nobler thoughts inſpire;
But ſince thou find'ſt by thy unhappy fate,
What 'tis to be unfortunately Great,
And purchaſe Honour at too dear a rate:
The Muſes beſt attempt, how e're deſign'd,
Cannot but prove impertinently kind,
Thy glorious Valour is a Theam too high,
For all the humble Arts of Poëſie,
To ſide with chance, and Kingdoms over-run
Are little things Ambitious Men have done;
But on a flaming Ship thus to deſpiſe
That life, which others did ſo highly prize;

To

To fight with Fire, and ſtruggle with a Wave,
And *Neptune* with unwearied Arms out-brave,
Are deeds ſurpaſſing fabulous Chronicle,
And which no future Age can parallel;
Leviathan himſelf's outdone by Thee,
Thou greater *wonder of the Deep*, than *he*:
Nor could the Deep thy mighty Aſhes hold,
The Deep that ſwallows Diamonds and Gold,
Fame ev'n thy ſacred Relicks, does purſue,
Richer than all the Treaſures of *Peru*:
While the kind Sea, thy breathleſs body brings
Safe to the bed of Honour and of Kings.

An Epitaph *on the Earl of*

SANDWICH.

HEre lies the Duſt of that illuſtrious Man,
That triumph't o're the Ocean;
Who for his Country nobly courted death,
And dearly ſold his glorious Breath,

Or in a word, in this cold narrow Grave
Sandwich the Good, the Great, the Brave,
(Oh frail Eſtate of Sublunary things!)
Lyes equal here with *Englands* greateſt Kings.

PASTORAL.

I.

AT break of day poor *Celadon*
Hard by his Sheepfolds walk't alone,
His Arms a croſs, his Head bow'd down,
His Oaten Pipe beſides him thrown,
When *Thirſis* hidden in a Thicket by,
Thus heard the diſcontented Shepherd cry.

II.

What is it *Celadon* has done,
That all his Happineſs is gone!
The Curtains of the dark are drawn,
And chearful morn begins to dawn,

Yet

Yet in my breast 'tis ever dead of night,
That can admit no beam of pleasant light.

VIII.

You pretty Lambs do leap and play
To welcom the new kindled day,
Your Shepherd harmless, as are you,
Why is he not as frolick too!
If such disturbance th' Innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend!

IV.

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,
If I must die, why this reprieve?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as those that die!
I faint, I gasp, I pant, my eyes are set,
My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet.

V.

Ye Gods! I never did withold
The fattest Lamb of all my fold,

But

But on your Altars laid it down,
And with a Garland did it crown.
Is it in vain to make your Altar ſmoke?
Is it all one, to pleaſe, and to provoke?

VI.

Time was that I could ſit and ſmile,
Or with a dance the Time beguile,
My Soul like that ſmooth lake was ſtill,
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill,
Like yonder ſtately Mountain clear, and high,
Swift, ſoft, and gay as that ſame Butterfly.

VII.

But now *Within* there's Civil War,
In arms my rebel Paſſions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aſide,
The Traitors now in Triumph ride;
That many headed Monſter has thrown down
Its lawful Monarch Reaſon, from its Throne.

VIII.

See unrelenting *Sylvia*, See,
All this, and more is long of Thee:
For e'r I saw that charming face,
Uninterrupted was my peace,
Thy glorious beamy eyes have struck me blind,
To my own Soul the way I cannot find.

IX.

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine
Heav'n is to blame, that did not shine
Upon us both with equal Rays,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy days,
To *Sylvia* beauty gave, and riches store,
All *Celadon*'s offence is, he is poor.

X.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,
Whose love is fickle *Fortune*'s Slave:
Those golden days are out of date,
When every Turtle chose his Mate;

Cupid that mighty prince then uncontroul'd,
Now like a little *Negro*'s bought and sold.

On the Death of

Mr. Pelham Humfries.

Pastoral Song.

DId you not hear the hideous Grone,
The Shrieks, and heavy Mone
That spread themselves o're all the pensive plain;
And rent the breast of many a tender Swain?
'Twas for *Amintas*, Dead and gone.
Sing ye forsaken Shepherds, sing *His* Praise
In careless Melancholy Layes,
Lend *Him* a little doleful Breath:
Poor *Amintas!* cruel Death!
'Twas *Thou* could'st make Dead words to live,
Thou that dull numbers could'st inspire
With charming Voice, and tuneful Lyre,
That Life to all, but to *Thy self* could'st give;

Why

Why could'st *Thou* not *thy* wondrous Art bequeath
Poor *Amintas*! Cruel Death!
Sing pious Shepherds, while you may,
Before th' approaches of the Fatal Day:
For you your selves that sing this mournful *Song*,
Alas! e're it be long,
Shall, like *Amintas* Breathless be,
Though more forgotten in the Grave, than *He*.

The Mistake.

SONG.

I Heard a young Lover in terrible pain,
From whence if he pleas'd, he might soon be (ease,
He Swore, and he Vow'd again and again,
He could not out-live the turmoils of his breast;
But, alas, the young Lover I found (ground;
Knew little how cold Love would prove under
Why should I believe, prithee *Love* tell me (why,
Where my own Flesh and Blood must give me the (Lye!

Let 'em rant while they will, and their Destinies (brave,
They'l find their flamies vanish on this side the (grave;
For tho' all addresses on purpose are made
To be *huddled to bed*,—'tis 'nt meant, *with a spade*!

The Incredulous.

SONG.

I'Le ne're believe for *Strephon*'s sake
That *Love*, (what e'r its fond pretences be)
Is not a slave to mutability,
The Moon and that alike of change partake:
Tears are weak, and cannot bind,
Vowes alas! but empty wind:
The greatest Art that Nature gave
To th' Amorous Hypocrite to make him kind,
Long e're he dies will take its leave,
Had you but seen, as I have done,
Strephon's tears, and heard his mone,

How

How pale his Cheek, how dim his Eye,
As if with *Chloris* he resolv'd to dye;
And when her spotless Soul was fled
Heard his amazing praises of the Dead;
Yet in a very little time address
His flame to another Shepherdess.
In a few days giving his Love the Lye,
You'd be as great an Infidel as I.

Weeping at Parting.

SONG.

I.

GO gentle *Oriana*, go,
Thou seest the Gods will have it so;
Alas! Alas! 'tis much in vain
Of their ill usage to complain,
To curse them when we want relief,
Lessens our courage, not our grief:
Dear *Oriana* wipe thine eye,
The Time may come, that thou, and I

Shall meet again, long, long to prove
What Vigour absence adds to love,
Smile *Oriana* then, and let me see,
That look again, which stole my liberty.

II.

But say that *Oriana* die,
And that sad moment may be nigh,
The Gods that for a year can sever,
If it please them can part us ever;
They that refresh, can make us weep,
And into Death can lengthen sleep,
Kind *Oriana* should I hear
The thing I so extreamly fear,
'Twill not be strange, if it be said,
After a while, I too, am dead.
Weep *Oriana*, weep, for who does know,
Whether we e'r shall meet again below.

The Desperate Lover.

I.

O Mighty King of Terrors, come!
Command thy Slave to his long home:
Great Sanctuary Grave! to thee
In throngs the miserable flie;
Encircl'd in thy frozen Arms,
They bid defiance to their harms,
Regardless of those pond'rous little things,
That discompose th' uneasie heads of Kings.

II.

In the cold Earth the Pris'ner lies
Ransom'd from all his miseries,
Himself forgotten, he forgets
His cruel Creditors, and Debts;
And there in everlasting peace
Contentions with their Authors cease.
A Turf of Grass or Monument of Stone,
Umpires the pretty competition.

III.

The disappointed Lover there,
Breaths not a sigh nor sheds a tear;
With us (fond fools) he never shares
In sad perplexities and cares;
The Willow near his Tomb that grows
Revives his Memory, not his Woes,
Or rain, or shine, he is advanc't above
Th' affronts of Heaven, and stratagems of Love.

IV.

Then mighty King of Terrors come,
Command thy Slave to his long home.
And thou my friend that lov'st me best,
Seal up these eyes that brake my rest;
Put out the lights, bespeak my Knell,
And then eternally farewel.
'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,
That none can force a desperate man to Live.

The Fatigue.

A SONG.

ADieu fond World, and all thy Wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, and Treacherous smiles.
They that behold thee with my eyes,
Thy double dealing will despise:
From thee false World, my deadly Foe,
Into some desart let me go;
Some gloomy melancholly Cave,
Dark and silent as the Grave,
Let me withdraw; where I may be
From thine impertinencies free:
There when I hear the Turtle grone,
How sweetly would I make my mone!
Kind *Philomel* would teach me there
My sorrows pleasantly to bear:
There could I correspond with none
But Heaven, and my own breast alone.

The Resolve.

SONG.

I.

HAd *Phillis* neither Charmes, nor Graces
More than the rest of women wear,
Levell'd by Fate with common faces,
Yet *Damon* could esteem her fair.

II.

Good natur'd Love can soon forgive
Those petty injuries of time,
And all th' affronts of years impute
To her misfortune, not her crime.

III.

Wedlock put's Love upon the Wrack,
Makes it confess 'tis still the same
An Icy Age, as it appear'd,
At first when all was lively flame.

IV.

If *Hymen*'s slaves, whose ears are bor'd,
Thus constant by compulsion be,
Why should not choice indear us more
Than them their hard necessity.

V.

Phillis! 'tis true; thy Glass does run;
But since mine too keeps equal pace,
My silver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd Face.

VI.

Then let us constant be as Heaven,
Whose Laws inviolable are,
Not like those rambling *Meteors* there
That foretel ills, and disappear.

VII.

So shall a pleasing calm attend,
Our long uneasie Destiny,
So shall our loves, and lives expire
From Storms and Tempest ever free.

Love's

LOVE's *Brave.*

SONG.

WHy should we murmur, why repine
Phillis at thy Fate, or mine?
Like Pris'ners, why do we those Fetters shake,
Which neither thou, nor I can break?
There is a better way to baffle Fate,
If Mortals would but mind it,
And 'tis not hard to find it:
Who would be happy, must be desperate;
He must despise those Stars that fright,
Only Fools that dread the night,
Time and chance he must out-brave,
He that crouches is their Slave.
Thus the wise *Pagans* ill at ease,
Bravely chastiz'd their surly *Deities*;

The

The Expectation.

SONG.

I.

WHy did I ever see those glorious eyes
My famish't Soul to Tantalize?
I hop'd for Heav'n, which I had lately seen,
But ne'r Perceiv'd the Gulph between:
In vain for bliss did my presumptions seek,
My love so strong
I could not hold my tongue,
My heart so feeble that I durst not speak.

II.

Yet why do I my constitutions blame
Since all my heart is out of frame!
'Twere better (sure) my passion to appease,
With hope to palliate my disease:
And 'twill be something like Tranquillity,
To hope for that
I must not compass yet
And make a Vertue of Necessity.

CORIDON

Coridon *Converted.*

SONG.

I.

WHen *Coridon* a Slave did lie,
Entangled in his *Phillis* eye,
How did he sigh! how did he grone!
How melancholy was his tone!
He told his story to the woods,
And wept his passion by the floods;
But *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, too too blame,
Regarded not his sufferings, nor his flame.

II.

Then *Coridon* resolv'd no more
His Mistress Mercy to implore;
How did he laugh, how did he sing!
How did he make the Forrest ring!
He told his Conquests to the woods,
And drown'd his passions in the floods:
Then *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, less severe
Would have had him, But he would none of her.

The

The Humourist.

SONG.

I.

GOod faith I never was but once so mad,
To dote upon an idle woman's Face,
And then alas! my fortune was so bad
To see another chosen in my place,
And yet I courted her I'm very sure
With Love as true as his was, and as pure.

II.

But if I ever be so fond again
To undertake the second part of Love,
To reassume that most unmanlike pain,
Or after shipwrack do the Ocean prove;
My Mistress must be gentle, kind, and free,
Or I'le be as indifferent as she.

Fading

Fading Beauty.

SONG.

I.

As poor *Aurelia* late alone,
Hard by a Rivulets flowry side,
Envious at Nature's new Born pride,
Her slighted self, she thus reflected on.

II.

Alas! that Nature should revive
These flowers, which after Winter's snow
Spring fresh again and brighter shew,
But for our fairer Sex to ill contrive!

III.

Beauty like theirs a short liv'd thing,
On us in vain she did bestow,
Beauty that only once can grow,
An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring.

A DIALOGUE.

Clorir and *Partheniffa*.

C. WHy doſt thou all addreſs deny?
Hard hearted *Partheniſſa*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy lips expect their doom.

P. *Cloris*! I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them ſo;
Their ſilly politick's abhorr'd:
I ſcorn to make my Slave my Lord.

C. But *Strephon*'s eyes proclaim his Love
Too brave, tyrannical to prove.

P. Ah *Cloris*! when we loſe our pow'r
We muſt obey the Conquerour.

C. Yet where a gentle Prince bear's ſway,
It is no bondage to obey.

P. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With ſmiles of kindneſs beguile;

How

How shall the Tyrant be withstood!
When he has writ his Laws in blood!
C. Love, (*Partheniffa*) all command's;
It fetters Kings in charming bands;
Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid*'s darts,
And Beauty soften's savage hearts.

Chorus.

If nothing else can pull the Tyrant down,
Kill him with kindness, and kill's your own.

A DIALOGUE.

Orpheus *and* Euridice.

Orpheus.

Euridice, my fair, my fair *Euridice!*
My love, my joy, my life, if he thou be
In *Pluto*'s Kingdom answer me, appear
And come to thy poor *Orpheus*.——

Eur. Oh I hear,

I hear, dear *Orpheus*, but I cannot come
Beyond the bounds of dull *Elizium*.
I cannot——

Or. And why wilt thou not draw near?
Is there within these Courts a shade so dear
As he that calls thee?

Eur. No, there cannot be
A thing so lovely in mine eyes as thee.

Orph. Why comes not then *Euridice*?——

Eur. The Fates
The Fates forbid, and these eternal Gates
Never unbarr'd, to let a Pris'ner go,
Deny me passage, nay grim *Cerberus* too
Stands at the door——

Orp. But cannot then
They that o're *Lethe* go, return agen?

Eur. Never, oh never!——

Orp. Sure they may, let's try,
If Art can null the Laws of Destiny.
My Layes compacted *Thebes*, made every Tree
Loosen it's roots to caper, come let's see
What thou and I can do?

Chor. *Perchance* the throng
Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a song
And mov'd to Pity.——

Eur. Hark the hinges move
The Gate's unbarr'd, I come, I come my love.

Chorus amborum.

'Twas Musick, only Musick, could un-spel
Helpless, undone *Euridice* from Hell.

The Batchelors Song.

LIke a Dog with a Bottle, fast ti'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Or like a *Tory* in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty lose,
For a Matrimony noose,
And sells himself into captivity;
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle does jog,

The

The Vermin, the Thief, and the *Tory* in vain
Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire com-
(plain.
But welfare poor *Pug!* for he plays with his Clog;
And though he would be rid on't rather than his
(life,
Yet he lug's it, and he hug's it, as a man does his
(wife.

The Second part.

SONG.

HOw happy a thing were a Wedding
And a Bedding,
If a Man might purchase a Wife
For a twelve month and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for ay,
'Till she grow as gray as a Cat,
Good faith Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

Advice to an Old Man of ſixty three about to Marry a Girle of ſixteen.

SONG.

I.

NOw fie upon him! what is Man,
Whoſe Life at beſt is but a ſpan?
When to an Inch it dwindles down,
Ice in his bones, Snow on his Crown,
That he within his crazy brain,
Kind thoughts of Love ſhould entertain,
That he, when Harveſt comes ſhould plow,
And when 'tis time to reap, go ſow,
Who in imagination only ſtrong,
Tho' twice a Child, can never twice grow young.

II.

Nature did thoſe deſign for Fools,
That ſue for work, yet have no Tools.

What

What fellow can there be
In ſuch a ſtrange diſparity?
Old age miſtakes the youthful breaſt,
Love dwells not there, but Intereſt:
Alas Good Man! take thy repoſe,
Get Ribband for thy thumbs, and Toes,
Provide thee Flannel, and a ſheet of Lead,
Think on thy Coffin, not thy Bridal Bed.

The SLIGHT.

SONG.

I.

I Did but crave that I might kiſs,
If not her Lip, at leaſt her Hand,
The cooleſt Lover's frequent bliſs,
And rude is ſhe that will withſtand
That inoffenſive liberty:
She (would you think it) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the Room,
Not ſhe, ſhe vow'd, not ſhe.

II.

Well *Charieſſah* then ſaid I,
If it muſt thus for ever be,
I can renounce my ſlavery,
And ſince you will not, can't be free,
Many a time ſhe made me dye,
Yet (would you think't) I lov'd the more,
But I'le not tak't as heretofore,
Not I, I'le vow not I.

The PENITENT.

SONG.

I.

HAd I but known ſome years ago
What wretched Lovers undergo.
The Tempeſts and the ſtorms that riſe
From their beloved's dangerous eyes,
With how much torment they endure
That Ague, and that Calenture;

Long

Long ſince I had my error ſeen,
Long ſince repented of my ſin:
Too late the Souldier dread's the Trumpets ſound
That newly has receiv'd his mortal wound.

But ſo adventurous was I
My Fortunes all alone to try,
Needs muſt I kiſs the burning light,
Becauſe it ſhin'd, becauſe 'twas bright,
My heart with youthful heat on fire,
I thought ſome God did me inſpire;
And that blind zeal emboldned me,
T'attempt *Althea*'s Deity;
Surely thoſe happy pow'rs that dwell above,
Or never courted, or enjoy'd their love.

The Defiance.

SONG.

I.

BE not too proud imperious Dame,
Your charms are transitory things,
May melt, while you at Heaven aim,
Like *Icarus*'s waxen wings;
And you a part in his misfortunes bear,
Drown'd in a briny Ocean of despair.

II.

You think your beauties are above
The Poets Brain, and Painters Hand,
As if upon the Throne of Love
You only should the World command:
Yet know, though you presume your title true,
There are pretenders, that will Rival you.

III.

There's an experienc't Rebel, Time,
And in his Squadrons Poverty;

There's

There's Age that bring's along with him
A terrible Artillery:
And if against all these thou keep'st thy Crown,
Th' Usurper Death will make thee lay it down.

The Surrender.

SONG.

I Yield, I Yield! Divine *Althæa*, see
How prostrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my Captivity,
So weak am I, so mighty thou!
Not long ago I could defie,
Arm'd with Wine and Company,
Beauties whole Artillery:
Quite vanquish't now by thy miraculous Charms;
Here fair, *Althæa*, take my Arms,
For sure he cannot be of Humane Race,
That can resist so bright, so sweet a Face.

The

The WHIM.

SONG.

I.

WHy ſo ſerious, why ſo grave?
Man of buſineſs, why ſo muddy?
Thy ſelf from chance thou canſt not ſave
With all thy care and ſtudy.
Look merrily then, and take thy repoſe;
For 'tis to no purpoſe to look ſo forlorn,
Since the world was as bad, before thou wer't born
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thouſand year hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'ſt on a Dunghill, or ſateſt on a Throne;

II.

To be troubled to be ſad,
Carking Mortal 'tis a folly,
For a pound of pleaſure's not ſo bad
As an ounce of Melancholy:

Since

Since all our lives long we travel towards Death,
Let us rest us sometimes, and bait by the way,
'Tis but dying at last; in our race let us stay,
And we shan't be so soon out of breath.
Sit the Comedy out, and that done,
When the Play's at an end, let the Curtain fall (down.

The RENEGADO.

SONG.

I.

R Remov'd from fair *Urania's* eyes
Into a Village far away:
Fond *Astrophil* began to say,
Thy charms *Urania* I despise;
Go bid some other Shepherd for thee dy,
That never understood thy Tyranny.

II.

Return'd at length the amorous Swain,
Soon as he saw his Dietie,

Ador'd

Ador'd again, and bow'd his knee,
Became her Slave, and wore her Chain;
The needle thus that motionless did ly, (nigh.
Trembles, and moves, when the lov'd Loadstone's

PHILLIS *withdrawn.*

I.

I Did but see her, and she's snatch't away,
I find I did but happy seem;
So small a while did my contentments stay,
As short and pleasant as a dream:
Yet such are all our satisfactions here,
They raise our hopes, and then they disappear.

II.

Ill natur'd Stars that evermore conspire
To quench poor *Strephon*'s flame,
To stop the progress of his swift desire,
And leave him but an Aëry Name;
Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)
Ixion-like thus to embrace a Cloud?

Yet

III.

Yet why ſhould *Strephon* murmur, why complain,
Or envy *Phillis* her delight,
Why ſhould her pleaſures be to him a pain,
Eaſier perhaps out of his ſight?
No, *Strephon*, no! If *Phillis* happy be,
Thou ſhould'ſt rejoyce, what e'r becom's of Thee.

IV.

Amidſt the charming Glories of the Spring
In pleaſant Fields and goodly Bowers
Indulgent Nature ſeems concern'd to bring
All that may bleſs her innocent hours,
While thy diſaſtrous Fate has ty'd thee down
To all the noiſe and tumult of the Town.

V.

Strephon that for himſelf expects no good
To *Phillis* wiſhes every where,
A long ſerenity without a Cloud,
Sweet as theſe ſmiles of th' Infant year,

May *Halcyons* in her bosome build their nest,
What ever storms shall discompose my breast.

The Malecontent.

SONG.

PHillis, O *Phillis!* Thou art fondly vain,
My wavering thoughts thus to molest,
Why should my pleasure be the only pain,
That must torment my easie breast?
If with *Prometheus* I had stoll'n fire,
Fire from above,
As scorching and as bright, as that of love,
I might deserve *Jove*'s ire,
A Vulture then might on my Liver feed,
But now eternally I bleed,
And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,
Who freely gav'st the Fewel and the Flame.

The Indifferent.

SONG.

PRithee confess for my sake, and your own;
Am I the Man or no?
If I am he, thou can'st not do't too soon,
If not, thou can'st not be too slow;
If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great
Your Sex with so much zeal to treat;
But if we freely proffer to pursue
Our tender thoughts and spotless love,
Which nothing shall remove,
And you despise all this, pray what are you?

The HARBOUR.

SONG.

OTedious hopes! when will the storm be o're!
When will the beaten Vessel reach the (shore!

Long

Long have I ſtriv'n with bluſtring winds and tides,
Clouds o're my head, Waves on my ſides!
Which in my dark adventures high did ſwell,
While Heaven was black as Hell,
O Love, tempeſtuous Love, yet, yet at laſt,
Let me my Anchor caſt,
And for the troubles I have undergone,
O bring me to a Port which I may call my own.

The Unconcerned.

SONG.

NOw that the World is all in amaze,
Drums, and Trumpets rending Heav'ns,
Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,
Widows and Orphans piteouſly crying;
Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,
Kingdoms and States at ſixes and ſeven:
What ſhould an honeſt Fellow do,
Whoſe courage, and fortunes run equally low?

Let him live say I till his glass be run,
As easily as he may,
Let the wine, and the sand of his glass flow together,
For Life's but a winters day;
Alas from Sun to Sun,
The time's very short, very dirty the weather,
And we silently creep away,
Let him nothing do, he could wish undone;
And keep himself safe from the noise of Gun.

The Immoveable.

SONG.

I.

WHat though the Skie be clouded o're,
And Heav'ns influence smile no more?
Though Tempests rise, and Earthquakes make
The giddy World's foundation shake?
A gallant breast contemns the feeble blow
Of angry Gods, and scorns what Fate can do.

II.

What if Alarums ſounded be,
And we muſt face our Enemy,
If Cannons bellow out a death,
Or Trumpets woo away our breath!
'Tis brave amidſt the glittering Throng to die,
Nay *Sampſon* like to fall with Company.

III.

Then let the Swordman domineer,
I can, nor Pike, nor Musket fear;
Clog me with Chains, your envies tire,
For when I will, I can expire;
And when the puſing fit of Life is gone,
The worſt that cruel man can do, is done.

The WISH.

SONG.

I.

NOt to the Hills where Cedars move
Their cloudy head, not to the Grove
Of Myrtles in th' *Elysian* shade,
Nor *Tempe* which the Poets made;
Not on the spicy Mountains play;
Or travel to *Arabia*:
I aim not at the careful Throne,
Which Fortune's darlings sit upon;
No, no, the best this fickle world can give,
Has but a little, little time to live.

II.

But let me soar, O let me flie
Beyond poor Earths benighted eye,
Beyond the pitch swift Eagles towre,
Above the reach of humane Power;

Above the Stars, above the way,
Whence *Phœbus* darts his piercing ray.
O let me tread those Courts that are,
So bright, so pure, so blest, so fair,
As neither thou, nor I must never know
On Earth, 'tis thither, thither would I go.

The CORDIAL.

In the Year 1657.

SONG.

I.

DId you hear of the News (O the News) how (it thunders!
Do but see, how the block-headed Multitude won- (ders!
One fumes, and stamps, and stares to think upon
What others wish as fast, Confusion.
One swears w'are gone, another just agoing,
While a third sits and cryes,

'Till

'Till his half blinded eyes,
Call him pitiful Rogue for so doing.
Let the tone be what 'twill that the mighty Ones (utter,
Let the cause be what 'twill why the poorer sort (mutter;
I care not what your State consounders do,
Nor what the stout repiners undergo!
I cannot whine at any alterations;
Let the *Swede* beat the *Dane*
Or be beaten again,
What am I in the Croud of the Nations?

II.

What care I if the North and South Poles comes (together;
If the *Turk*, or the *Pope's Antichristian*, or nei-
If fine *Astræa* be (as *Naso* said) (ther;
From Mortals in a peevish fancy fled:
Rome, when 'twas all on fire, her People
'Twas an *Emperor* could stand (mourning,
With his harp in his hand,
Sing and play, while the *City* was *burning*.

Celadon on Delia singing.

O *Delia!* for I know 'tis she,
It must be she, for nothing else could move
My tuneless heart, than something from *Above*.
I hate all earthly Harmony:
Hark, Hark ye *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs* all around!
Hark how the baffled *Echo* faints; See how she dies
Look how the winged Quire all gasping lye's
At the melodious sound;
See, while she sings
How they droop and hang their wings!
Angelick, *Delia*, sing no more,
Thy song's too great for mortal ear;
Thy charming notes we can no longer bear:
O then in pity to the World give o'er,
And leave us stupid as we were before.
Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice,
Or veil thy beauty, or suppress thy Voice.

His passions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
When first he saw, when first he heard the lovely
Maid

The Advice.

SONG.

I.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly look't her braided hair,
Her dainty cheeks would make you mad,
Upon her lip did all the *Graces* play,
And on her breast ten thousand *Cupids* lay.

II.

Then many a doting Lover came
From *seventeen* till *twenty one*,
Each told her of her mighty flame,
But she (forsooth) affected none,
One was not handsome, t'other was not fine,
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

III.

But t'other day it was my fate,
To walk along that way alone,

I saw no Coach before her gate,
But at the door I heard her mone,
She dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may!

TO

Mr. SAM. AUSTIN

Of Wadham *Coll.* OXON,

On his most unintelligible Poems.

SIR,

IN that small inch of time I stole, to look
On th' obscure depths of your mysterious Book,
(Heav'n bless my eye sight!) what strains did I see
What Steropegeretick Poetry!
What Hieroglyphick words, what all,
In Letters more than Cabalistical!
We with our fingers may your Verses scan,
But all our Noddles understand them can
No more, than read that dungfork, pothook hand
That in * *Queen's Colledge Library* does stand.

* *The Devils hand writing in* Queen's *Coll. Library at* Oxford.

The

The cutting Hanger of your wit I can't see,
For that same scabbard that conceals your Fancy;
Thus a black velvet Casket hides a Jewel;
And a dark woodhouse, wholesome winter Fuel;
Thus *John Tradeskin* starves our greedy eyes,
By boxing up his new found Rarities;
We dread *Actæons* Fate, dare not look on,
When you do scowre your skin in *Helicon*;
We cannot (*Lynceus*-like) see through the wall
Of your strong-Morter'd *Poems*; nor can all
The small shot of our Brains make one hole in
The Bulwark of your Book, that Fort to win.
Open your meanings door, O do not lock it!
Undo the Buttons of your smaller Pocket,
And charitably spend those *Angels* there,
Let them inrich and actuate our Sphere.
Take off our Bongraces, and shine upon us,
Though your resplendent beams should chance to (tan us.
Had you but stoln your Verses, that we might
Hope in good time they would have come to light;
And felt I not a strange Poetick heat
Flaming within, which reading makes me sweat,

Vulcan

Vulcan should take 'em, and I'd not exempt 'em;
Because they be things *Quibus lumen ademptum.*
I thought to have commended something there,
But all exceeds my commendations far,
I can say nothing; but stand still, and stare,
And cry, O wondrous, strange, profound, and rare,
Vast Wits must fathom you better than thus,
You merit more than our praise; as for us
The Beetles of our Rhimes shall drive full fast
The wedges of your worth to everlasting. (in,
My Much *Apocalyptiqu'* friend *Sam. Austin,*

TO

TO MY

Ingenious Friend

Mr. WILLIAM FAITHORN

On his Book of

Drawing, Etching, *and* Graving.

SHould I attempt an Elogy, or Frame
Paper-structure to secure thy name,
The lightning of one Censure, one stern frown
Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown,
But this thy Book prevents that fruitless pain,
One line speaks purelier Thee, than my best strain.
Those Mysteries (once like the spiteful mold,
Which bars the greedy *Spaniard* from his Gold.)
Thou dost unfold in every friendly Page,
Kind to the present, and succeeding age.
That Hand, whose curious Art prolongs the date
Of frail Mortality, and baffle's Fate
With Brass and Steel, can surely potent be,
To rear a lasting Monument for thee;

For

For my part I prefer (to guard the Dead)
A *Copper-Plate* beyond a Sheet of Lead.
So long as Brass, so long as Books endure,
So long as neat wrought-Pieces Thou 'rt secure.
A [*Faithorn sculpsit*] is a charm can save
From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave.

On the Commentaries *of* Messire Blaize de MONTLUC, *To the Worthy Translator* CHARLES COTTEN, *Esq;*

HE that would aptly write of warlike men,
Should make his Ink of Blood, a Sword his Pen;
At least he must their Memories abuse,
Who writes with less than *Maro*'s mighty Muse:
All (Sir) that I could say of this great Theme
(The Brave *Montluc*) would lessen his esteem;
Whose Laurels too much native verdure have
To need the Praises vulgar Chaplets crave:

His

His own bold hand, what it durst write, durst do;
Grappled with Enemies, and Oblivion too;
Hew'd his own Monument, and grav'd thereon,
Its deep and durable inscription.
To you (*Sir*) whom the valiant Author owe's,
His second Life, and Conquest o're his Foes;
Ill natur'd Foes, Time and Detraction,
What is a Stranger's Contribution!
Who has not such a share of vanity;
To dream that one, who with such industry
Obliges all the World, can be oblig'd by me.

A Character of a

BELLY-GOD.

Catius and *Horace.*

Horace.

WHence *Brother* Case, *and whether bound so fast?*

Ca. *Oh, Sir, you must excuse me, I'm in haste,*

I dine with my (Lord Mayor) *and can't allow*
Time for our eating Directory *now*,
Though I must needs confess, I think my *Rules*
Would prove *Pythagorus* and *Plato* Fools.

Hor. *Grave Sir, I must acknowledge, 'tis a*
To interrupt at such a nick of time; (*crime*
Yet stay a little Sir, it is no Sin;
You're to say Grace e're Dinner can begin;
Since you at food such Virtuoso *are*,
Some Precepts *to an hungry* Poet *spare.*

Ca. I grant you Sir, next pleasure t'ane in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of *repeating*;
I still have *Kitching Systems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomachs* fumes a *Brain* well lin'd;

Hor. *Whence, pray Sir, learnt you those inge-*
(*nuous Arts*,
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?

Ca. No names Sir (I beseech you,) that's foul
We ne'r name *Authors*, only what they say. (play,
1. 'For *Eggs* chuse *long*, the *round* are out of fa-
'Unsavoury and distasteful to the Nation (shion
'E're since the brooding *Ramp*, they're *addle* too,
'In the long Egg lyes *Cock a doodle-doo.*

2. 'Chuse

2. 'Chuse *Coleworts* planted on a soil that's dry,
'Even they are *worse for th' wetting* (verily:)
3. 'If Friend from far shall come to visit, then
'Say thou wouldst treat the Wight with mortal (*Hen*,
'Do'nt thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,
'And impale Corps on *Spit* as soon as dead;
'For so she will be *tough* beyond all measure,
'And Friend shall make a trouble of a pleasure,
'Steep't in good Wine let her her life surrender,
'O then she'l eat most admirably tender. (best,
4. '*Mushromes* that grow in Meadows are the
'For ought I know there's Poyson in the rest.
5. 'He that would many happy Summers see,
'Let him eat *Mulberries* fresh off the Tree,
'Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for these
'Shall hurt his Stomack less than *Cheshire* Cheese.
6. '*Ausidius* (had you done so't had undon ye)
'Sweetned his morning's draughts of *Sack* with
'But he did ill, to empty veines to give (*Honey*;
'Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.
7. 'If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
'First whet thy *whistle* with some good *Metheg-* (*lin*.

8. 'If

8. 'If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt,
'Thou shalt get in no more till some get out,
'The *Muscle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
'Thy Bodies *trunk*; and give a vent to *nock*;
'Some say that *Sorrel* Steep't in Wine will do
'But to be sure, put in some *Aloes* too.

9. 'All *shell-fish* (with the growing *Moon* in-
'Are ever, when she fills her *Orb*, the best; (creast.)
'But for brave *Oysters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
'They are not to be met with every where;
'Your *Wall-fleet Oysters* no man will prefer
'Before the juicy Grass-green *Colchester*;
'*Hungerford Crawfish* match me if you can,
'There's no such Crawlers in the Ocean. (think

10. 'Next for your Suppers, you (it may be)
'There go's no more to't, but just *eat* and *drink*;
'But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
'To dress'em well requires a man of brain;
'His *Palate* must be quick, and smart, and strong,
'For Sauce, a very *Critick* in the Tongue.

11. 'He that pays dear for *Fish*, nay though the (best,
'May please his *Fishmonger*, more than his *Guest*,

'If

'If he be ignorant what sawce is proper,
'There's *Machiavel* in the *Menage* of a Supper.
12. 'For *Swines-flesh*, give me that of the *Wild*
'Pursu'd and hunted all the Forrest o're; (*Boar*.
'He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,
'And when he finds no *Acrons*, grunts at *Jove*;
'The *Hampshire* Hog with Pease and Whey that's
'Sti'd up, is neither good alive nor dead. (fed
13. 'The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good
'If when they are in season understood.
14. If Servants to thy Board a *Rabbet* bring,
'Be wise, and in the first place carve a Wing.
15. 'When Fish and Fowl are right, and at just
'A Feeders curiosity t'asswage, (age,
'If any ask, who found the Mystery?
'Let him inquire no further, I am he.
16. 'Some fancy Bread out of the Oven hot,
'Variety 's the *Glutton*'s happiest lot.
17. 'It's not enough the *wine* you have be pure
'But of your *Oyl* as well you ought be sure.
18. 'If any fault be in the *generous Wine*,
'Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine;
'But never strein't, nor let it pass through *Linen*,

'*Wine* will be worse for that, as well as Women.

19. 'The Vintner that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
'With damn'd ingredients patcheth up *Canary*,
'With *segregative* things, as *Pigeons* eggs,
'Strait purifies, and takes away the dregs.

20. 'An o're-charg'd Stomack roasted *shrimps* (will ease,
'The Cure by *Lettuce* is worse than the Disease.

21. 'To quicken Appetite it will behoove ye
'To feed couragiously on good *Anchovie*.

22. '*Westphalia Ham*, and the *Bolognia* Saw- (sage
'For second or third course will clear a passage,
'But *Lettuce* after Meals! fie on't, the Glutton
'Had better feed upon *Ram-ally*-Mutton.

23. 'Twere worth one's while in Palace or in (Cottage,
'Right well to know the sundry sorts of *Pottage*;
'There is your *French* Pottage, *Nativity* broth,
'Yet that of *Fetter lane* exceeds them both;
'About a limb of a departed *Tup*
'There may you see the green herbs boyling up,
'And fat abundance o're the furnace float,
'Resembling *Whale-Oyl* in a *Greenland* Boat,

24. 'The

24. 'The *Kentish* Pippin's best, I dare be bold,
'That ever Blew-Cap *Costard-monger* sold.
25. 'Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raisins of the Sun*.
'I was the First immortal Glory won,
'By mincing *Pickle Herrings*, with these *Raisin*
'And Apples; 'Twas I set the world a gazing,
'When once they tasted of this *Hogan* Fish,
'Pepper and Salt *enamelling* the Dish.
26. 'Tis ill to purchase great Fish with great (matter,
'And then to serve it up in scanty Platter;
'Nor is it less unseemly some believe,
'From Boy, with *greasy* fist *drink* to receive,
'But the Cup foul within's enough to make
'A *squemish* creature puke and turn up *stomach*.
27. 'Then *Brooms* and *Napkins* and the *Flan-* (*ders* Tyle,
'These must be had too, or the Feast you spoil,
'Things little thought on, and not very dear,
'And yet how much they cost one in a year!
28. 'Would'st thou rub *Alablaster* with hands (sable,
'Or spread a *Diaper* Cloth on dirty Table?

'*More cost, more worship*: Come: be *a la mode*
'Embelish *Treat*, as thou would do an *Ode*.

Hor. *O learned Sir, how greedily I hear*
This elegant Diatriba *of good chear!*
Now by all that's good, by all provant you love,
By sturdy Chine of Beefe, *and mighty* Jove,
I do conjure thy gravity, *let me see*
The man that made thee this Discovery;
For he that sees Original's *more happy*
Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy,
O bring me to the man, I so admire!
The Flint *from whence brake forth these sparks of* (*fire,*
What satisfaction would the Vision bring?
If sweet the stream, much sweeter is the spring.

The

The Disappointed.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

OFt have I pondered in my pensive heart,
When even from my self I've stoll'n away,
And heavily considered many a day,
The cause of all my anguish, and my smart:
Sometimes besides a shady grove,
(As dark as were my thoughts, as close as was my
Dejected have I walk't alone, (Love
Acquainting scarce my self with my own moan.
Once I resolv'd undauntedly to hear,
What 'twas my *Passions* had to say,
To find the reason of that uproar there,
And calmly, if I could, to end the fray:
No sooner was my resolution known
But I was all Confusion.
Fierce *Anger*, flattering *Hope*, and black *Despair*,
Bloody *Revenge*, and most ignoble *Fear*,
Now altogether clamorous were,

My breast a perfect *Chaös* grown,
A mass of nameless things together hurl'd,
Like th' formless *Embrio* of the unborn world,
Just as it's rouzing from eternal night,
Before the great *Creator* said, *Let there be Light.*

II.

Thrice happy then are beasts said I,
That underneath these pleasant Covetts ly,
They only sleep, and eat, and drink,
They never meditate, nor think;
Or if they do, have not the happy art
To vent the overflowings of their heart,
They without trouble live, without disorder die,
Regardless of Eternity.
I said, I would like them be wise,
And not perplex my self in vain,
Nor bite the uneasie Chain,
No, no, said I, I will *Philosophize!*
And all the ill-natur'd World despise:
But when I had reflected long,
And with deliberation thought (taught,
How few have practis'd, what they gravely

(Tho'

(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)
I judg'd it worth a generous disdain,
And brave defiance in *Pinderique* Song.

ON

Mrs. E. MONTAGUE's Blushing in the Cross Bath.

A Translation.

I.

AMidst the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
Thus once the beauteous *Ægle* stood,
So sweet a tincture e're the Sun appears
The bashful ruddy morning wears:
Thus through a Crystal wave the Coral glows,
And such a Blush sits on the Virgin Rose.

II.

Ye envied Waters that with safety may
Around her snowy Bosome play,

Cherish with gentle heat that Noble Breſt
Which ſo much Innocence ha's bleſt,
Such Innocence as hitherto ne're knew,
What miſchief, *Venus*, or her Son could do.

Then from this hallow'd place
Let the profane and wanton Eye withdraw,
For Virtue clad in Scarlet ſtrikes a Law
From the Tribunal of a lovely Face.

Il Infido.

I Breath 'tis true, wretch that I am, 'tis true,
But if to live, be only not to dye,
If nothing in that bubble Life be gay,
But all to a Tear muſt melt away;
Let Fools and Stoicks be cajol'd, ſay I:
Thou that lik'ſt Eaſe and Love, like me
When once the world ſays farewel both to thee,
What haſt thou more to do
Than in diſdain to ſay, Thou fooliſh world, Adieu!

There

There was a time, Fool that I was! when I
Believ'd there might be something here below,
A seeming Cordial to my drooping Heart
That might allay my bitter smart;
I call'd it *Friend*:—but ô th' Inconstancy
Of humane things! I try'd it long,
It's Love was fervent, and I phancy'd strong:
But now I plainly see,
Or 'tis withdrawn, or else 'twas All Hypocrisie.

III.

I saw thy much-estranged eyes, I saw
False *Musidore* thy formal alter'd Face,
When thou betray'd'st my seeming happiness,
And coldly took'st my kind Address:
But know that I will live; for in thy place
Heaven has provided for me now
A constant Friend, that dares not break a vow,
That *Friend* will I embrace,
And never more my overweaning Love misplace.

Il Immaturo.

EPITAPH.

BRave Youth, whose too too hasty Fate
His Glories did anticipate,
Whose active Soul had laid the great design
To emulate those *Herods* of his Line!
He shew'd the world how great a Man
Might be contracted to a Span;
How soon our teeming expectations fail,
How little tears and wishes can prevail:
Could Life hold out with these supplies
He'd liv'd still in his Parents eyes,
And this cold stone had ne're said, *HERE HE LIES.*

ON Mrs. DOVE.

EPITAPH.

THis thus — and thus farewel to all
Vain Mortals do Perfection call:
To Beauty, Goodness, Modesty,
Sweet Temper, and true Piety.
Those Heav'n Angel's men must tell;
Long, Long, beloved Dust Farewell.
Those Blessings which we highest prize
Are soonest ravish't from our Eyes.

Lucretius.

SEd jam nec Domus accipiet te læta, nec Uxor Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati Præcipere, & tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

Paraphrased

Paraphrased.

WHen thou shalt leave this miserable Life,
Farewell thy House, farewel thy charming (Wife,
Farewell for ever to thy *Souls* delight,
Quite blotted out in everlasting night!
No more thy pretty darling Babes shall greet (thee
By the kind Name, nor strive who first shall meet (thee,
Their Kisses with a secret pleasure shall not move (thee,
For who shall say to thy Dead Clay, I Love (Thee!

ON

Dr. BROWN'S TRAVELS.

THus from a foreign Clime rich Merchants (come,
And thus unlade their Rarities at *home*:
Thus, undergo an acceptable toyle,
With Treasures to enrich their native Soyle.
They for themselves, for others you unfold
A Cargo swoln with Diamonds and Gold:
With Indefatigable Travels, They
The trading World, the Learned you survey;
And for renown with great *Columbus* vye,
In subterranean Cosmography.

ON

ON POVERTY.

I.

O Poverty! thou great and wise man's School,
Mistress of Arts! and scandal to the Fool!
Heaven's sacred Badge, which th' Heroes hereto-
(fore,
(Bright Caravans of Saints and Martyrs) wore;
To th' Holy Triumphant valiant Souls are sent
From those we call the Ragged Regiment:
Sure Guide to everlasting Peace above,
Thou do'st th' impediments remove;
Th' unnecessary Loads of Wealth and State,
Which make men swell too big for the strait Gate.

II.

Thou happy Port, where we from storms are free,
And need not fear (false world) thy Pyracy:
Hither for ease and Shelter did retire
The busie *Charles*, and wearied *Casimire*;

Abjur'd

Abjur'd their Thrones, and made a ſolemn Vow,
Their radiant heads to thee ſhould ever bow.
Why ſhould thy Tents ſo terrible appear
Where Monarchs Reformadoes were?
Why ſhould men call that ſtate of Life forlorn,
Which God approves off, and which Kings have (born?

III.

Mad Luxury! what do thy Vaſſals reap
From a Life's long debauch, but late to weep!
What the curs't Miſer, who would fain Ape Thee,
And wear thy Livery, Great POVERTY!
The Prudent wretch for future Ages cares,
And hoards up ſins for his impatient Heirs!
Full little do's he think the time will come
When he is gone to his long Home,
The Prodigal Youth for whom he took ſuch pains
Shall be thy Slave, and wear thy loathed Chains.

URANIA

To her Friend

PARTHENISSA:

A

DREAM.

IN a soft Vision of the night,
My Fancy represented to my sight
A goodly gentle Shade;
Methought it mov'd with a Majestick Grace;
But the surprizing sweetness of it's Face
Made me amaz'd, made me afraid:
I found a secret shivering in my heart,
Such as Friends feel that Meet or Part:
Approaching nearer with a timerous eye;
Is then my *Partheniſſa* Dead, said I?
Ah *Partheniſſa!* if thou yet art kind,
As kind as when like me, Thou mortal wert,
When

When Thou, and I had equal ſhare in Either's (Heart,
How canſt thou bear that I am left behind !
Dear *Partheniſſa!* O thoſe pleaſant hours,
That bleſt our innocent Amours!
When in the common Treaſury of one Breaſt,
All that was Thine or Mine did reſt.
Dear *Partheniſſa!*---Friend! what ſhall I ſay?
Ah ſpeak to thy *Urania* !
Oh envious Death! nothing but thee I fear'd,
No other Rival could eſtrange
Her Soul from mine or make a Change.
Scarce had I ſpoke my paſſionate fears,
And overwhelm'd my ſelf in tears:
But *Partheniſſa* ſmil'd, and then ſhe diſappear'd.

On the Death of the Earl of

ROCHESTER.

Pastoral.

I.

AS on his death-bed gasping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the wonder of the Plains,
The noblest of th' *Arcadian* Swains;
Strephon the Bold, the Witty, and the Gay:
With many a sigh and many a tear he said,
Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead.

II.

Ye triffling Glories of this world, Adieu,
And vain applauses of the Age;
For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true;
Those pleasures which from virtuous deeds we
Procure the sweetest slumbers in the Grave. (have

The

III.

Then since your fatal Hour must surely come,
Surely your heads lye low as mine,
Your bright Meridian Sun decline;
Beseech the mighty *Pan* to guard you home:
If to *Elizium* you would happy fly,
Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon dye*.

ON

Dr. WOODFORD's PARAPHRASE ON THE CANTICLES.

I.

WEll! since it must be so, so let it be,
For what do Resolutions signifie,
When we are urg'd to write by Destiny?

II.

I had resolv'd, nay, and I almost swore,
My bedrid Muse should walk abroad no more:
Alas! 'tis more than time that I give o're.

III.

In the Recesses of a private Breast,
I thought to entertain your charming Guest,
And never to have boasted of my Feast.

IV.

But see (my Friend) when through the world you (go,
My Laquy-Verse must shadow-like pursue,
Thin, and Obscure to make a Foyl for you.

V.

'Tis true, you cannot need my feeble Praise,
A lasting Monument to your Name to raise,
Well-known in Heav'n by your Angeliqu' Layes.

VI.

There in indelible Characters they are writ,

Where

Where no pretended Heights will easie sit,
But those of serious consecrated wit.

VII.

By immaterial defecated Love,
Your Soul it's Heavenly Origin do's approve,
And in least dangerous Raptures soars above.

VIII.

How could I wish (dear Friend!) unsaid agen
(For once I rank'd my self with tuneful men)
Whatever dropt from my unhallowed Pen!

IX.

The triffling Rage of youthful heat, once past,
Who is not troubled for his wit misplac'd!
All pleasant Follies breed regret at last.

X.

While Reverend *Don*'s, and noble *Herbert*'s (Flame
A glorious immortality shall claim,
In the most durable Records of Fame;

XI.

Our modish Rhimes, like Culinary Fire,
Unctuous and Earthy, shall in smoak expire;
In odorous Clouds your Incense shall aspire.

XII.

Let th' *Pagan*-world your pious verse defie,
Yet shall they envy when they come to dye,
Your wiser Projects on Eternity.

LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS. ONE OF OVID'S Epistles Translated.

The ARGUMENT.

Protesilaus *lying Windbound at* Aulis, *in the Grecian Fleet, design'd for the Trojan War, his Wife* Laodamia *sends this following Epistle to Him.*

HEalth to the gentle Man of War, and may
What *Laodamia* sends, the Gods convey.
The Wind that still in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
Why was it not so cross to keep Him here?

Let the Wind raise an *Hurricane* at Sea,
Were he but safe and warm ashore with me.
Ten thousand kisses I had more to give him,
Ten thousand cautions, and soft words to leave him;
In hast he left me, summon'd by the Wind,
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind)
The Seaman's pleasure, is the Lover's pain,
(*Protesilaus* from thy bosome tane!
As from my faltering tongue half speeches fell,
Scarce could I speak that wounding word *Farewell*,
A merry Gale (at Sea they call it so)
Fill'd every Sayl with joy, my breast with wo,
There went my dear *Protesilaus*——
While I could see Thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuriz'd on Thine,
When Thee no more, but thy spread Sayls I view,
Look't, and look't, till I had lost them too;
But when nor Thee, nor them I could descry,
And all was Sea that came within my eye,
They say (for I have quite forgot) they say
I strait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compassionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old man,
My Mother too to my assistance ran;

In

In haſt cold water on my Face they threw,
And brought me to my ſelf with much ado,
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My anguiſh with my Soul together came,
And in my heart burſt out the former flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus* frolique rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggled all about.
Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies ſay,
Thy Royal Robes fair *Laodamia*.
Alas! before *Troy*'s Walls my dear does lye,
What pleaſure can I take in *Tyrian* dy?
Shall Curles adorn my head, an Helmet thine?
I in bright tiſſues, thou in Armour ſhine?
Rather with ſtudied negligence I'l be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than thee.

O *Paris*! rais'd by ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!
O that the *Grecian Dame* had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely hadſt appear'd to Her!

O *Menelaus!* timely ceaſe to ſtrive,
With how much blood wilt thou thy loſs retrieve?
From ye, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home:
But my heart fails me, when I think of War,
The ſad reflection coſts me many a tear:
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of every place where thou ſhalt fight for fame;
Beſides th' adventurous *Raviſher* well knew
The ſafeſt Arts his Villany to purſue;
In noble dreſs he did her heart ſurprize,
With Gold he dazled her unguarded Eyes,
He back't his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
Thus ſtorm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortreſs in.
Againſt the power of Love and force of Arms
There's no ſecurity in the brighteſt Charms.
Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
A Man (they ſay) experienc'd in War,
My Dear, if thou haſt any love for me,
Of that ſame *Hector* prithee mindful be;
Fly him be ſure, and every other Foe,
Leſt each of them ſhould prove an *Hector* too.

Remember

Remember, when for fight thou shalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, Have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'st, are giv'n to her.
If by thy valour *Troy* must ruin'd be,
May not the ruin leave one Scar on thee;
Sharer in th' honour from the danger free!
Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his way
Through the false *Ravisher's* Troops to his *Helena.*
Great be his Victory, as his Cause is good.
May he swim to her in his Enemies Blood,
Thy Case is different.——may'st thou live to see
(Dearest) no other Combatant but me!
Ye generous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
From his dear Breast, find out a nobler Prey,
Why should you harmless *Laodamia* slay?
My poor good natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Love's Field what wonders can he do?
Great is his Prowess and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woe.
Now I must own, I fear'd to let thee go,
My trembling Lips had almost told thee so.

When

When from thy Father's House thou didst with-
Thy fatal stumble at the door I saw, (draw,
I saw it, sigh'd, and pray'd the sign might be
Of thy return a happy Propheey!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
Be not too brave,---Remember,----Have a care,
And all my dreads will vanish into Air.

Among the *Grecians* some one must be found
That first shall set his foot on *Trojan* ground;
Unhappy she that shall his loss bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail.

Of all the Ships be thine the very last, (haste
Thou the last Man that lands; there needs no
To meet a potent, and a treacherous Foe;
Thou'lt land I fear too soon, tho' ne're so slow.
At thy Return ply every Sail and Oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deserted shore.

All the day long, and all the lonely night
Black thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright;
Darkness, to other Womens pleasures kind,
Augments, like Hell, the torments of my mind.
I court e'en Dreams, on my forsaken Bed,
False Joys must serve, since all my true are fled.

What's

What's that ſame aiery *Phantom* ſo like thee!
What wailings do I hear, what paleneſs ſee?
I Wake, and hug my ſelf, 'tis but a Dream.——
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their flame,
The want of hallow'd Wine my tears ſupply,
Which make the ſacred fire burn bright and high.
When ſhall I claſp thee in theſe Arms of mine,
Theſe longing Arms, and lie diſſolv'd in thine?
When ſhall I have thee by thy ſelf alone,
To learn the wondrous Actions thou haſt done?
Which when in rapturous words thou haſt begun
With many, and many a kiſs, prithee tell on,
Such interruptions graceful pauſes are,
A Kiſs in Story's but an Halt in War.
But, when I think of *Troy*, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleaſant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in *Port* detain thee too,
In ſpight of wind and tide why wouldſt thou go?
Thus, to thy Country thou wouldſt hardly come,
In ſpight of wind and tide thou went'ſt from home.
To his own City *Neptune* ſtops the way,
Revers the *Omen*, and the God's obey.

Return

Return ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly;
Your ſtay is not of Chance, but Deſtiny:
How can your Arms expect deſir'd ſucceſs,
That thus contend for an *Adultereſs*?
But, let not me foreſpeak you, no, ——ſet Sail,
And Heav'n befriend you with a proſperous gale!
Ye *Trojans*! with regret methinks I ſee
Your firſt encounter with your Enemy;
I ſee fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
To buckle on her luſty Bridegroom's Arms;
She gives him Arms, and kiſſes ſhe receives,
(I hate the tranſports each to other gives.)
She leads him forth, and ſhe commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home,
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do what e're ſhe ſay;
Now he returns!---ſee with what amorous ſpeed
She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his head,
And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.
We Women, too too credulous alas!
Think what we fear, will ſurely come to paſs.
Yet, while before the Leaguer thou doſt lie,
Thy *Picture* is ſome pleaſure to my Eye,

That,

That, I careſs in words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my Breaſt, as I would Thee;
There muſt be ſomething in it more than Art,
'Twere very Thee, could it thy mind impart;
I kiſs the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
As if (like Thee) 't would anſwer me again.
By thy return, by thy dear Self, I ſwear,
By our Loves Vows, which moſt religious are,
By thy beloved Head, and thoſe gray Hairs
Which time may on it Snow in future years,
I come, where e're thy Fate ſhall bid Thee go,
Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Woe,
So thou but live, tho' all the God's ſay No.
Farewel,---but prethee very careful be
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.

TO THE

Excellent Master of MUSICK

SEIGNIOR

PIETRO REGGIO,

On His BOOK of

SONGS.

THo to advance thy Fame, full well I know
How very little my dull Pen can do;
Yet, with all deference, I gladly wait,
Enthrong'd amongst th' attendants on thy State:
Thus when *Arion*, by his Friends betray'd,
Upon his Understanding-*Dolphin* playd,
The Scaly People there Resentments show'd
By pleas'd Levoltoes on the wondring floud.
Great Artist! Thou deserv'st our loudest Praise
From th' Garland to the meanest branch of Bays;

For

For Poets can but *Say*, Thou mak'ſt them *Sing*,
And th' Embrio-words do'ſt to Perfection bring;
By us the Muſe conceives, but when that's done,
Thy Midwifry makes fit to ſee the Sun;
Our naked Lines, dreſt, and adorn'd by Thee,
Aſſume a Beauty, Pomp, and Bravery;
So awful and majeſtick they appear,
They need not bluſh to reach a Princes ear.
Princes tho to poor Poets ſeldom kind,
Their Numbers turn'd to Air, with pleaſure mind,
Studied and labour'd tho our Poems be
Alas! they dye unheeded without Thee,
Whoſe Art can make our breathleſs Labours live,
Spirit and everlaſting Vigour give.
Whether we write of *Heroes and of Kings*
In Mighty Numbers, *Mighty Things*,
Or in an humble *Ode* expreſs our Senſe
Of th' happy ſtate of Eaſe and Innocence,
A Country Life, where the contented Swain,
Huggs his Dear Peace, and does a Crown diſdain;
Thy dextrous *Notes* with all our Thoughts com-
Can creep on Earth, can up to Heaven fly; (ply,

In Heights, and Cadences, so sweet, so strong,
They suit a Shepherd's Reed, an Angels Tongue.
——————But who can comprehend
The Raptures of thy Voice, and Miracles of thy
(Hand?

IN

IN THE

TEMPLE CHURCH.

HEic juxta jacet
Johannes King *Miles*,
Serenissimo Carolo *Secundo*
In Legibus Angliæ *Consultus*,
Illustrissimo Jacobo *Duci* Eboracensi
Sollicitator Generalis.

Qualis, Quantúsve sis Lector
Profundum obstupesce;
Labia digitis comprime,
Oculos lachrymis suffunde.
En! ad pedes tuos
Artis, & naturæ suprema Conamina,
Fatorum Ludibria!
Non itá pridem
Erat Iste Pulvis omnifariám Doctus

Muzarum Gazophylacium,
Eloquentiam calluit, claram, puram, innocuam,
Legibus suæ Patriæ erat Instructissimus,
Suis charus, Principibus gratus, Omnibus urba-
Sui sæculi (*nus,*
Ornamentum illustre, Desiderium irreparabile.
Hinc disce Lector
Quantilla Mortalitatis Gloria
Splendidissimis decoratæ Dotibus.

Dulcem soporem agite
Dilecti, Eruditi, Beati Cineres!

Obiit *Junii* 29. 1677.
Ætat. 38.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR BROTHER Mr. *RICHARD FLATMAN.*

Pindariqu' Ode.

Stanza I.

UNhappy Muſe! employ'd ſo oft
On melancholy thoughts of Death,
What haſt Thou left ſo tender, and ſo ſoft
As thy poor Maſter fain would breath
O're this lamented Herſe?
No uſual flight of fancy can become
My ſorrows o're a *Brother's* Tomb.
O that I could be elegant in Tears,
That with Conceptions, not unworthy Thee,
Great as Thy Merit, Vigorous as Thy years,

I might convey Thy *Elegy*
To th' Grief, and Envy of Posterity!
A gentler Youth ne're Crown'd his Parent's cares,
Or added ampler Joy to their grey Hairs;
Kind to his Friends, to His Relations Dear,
Easie to all.——Alas! what is there Here
For Man to set his heart upon
Since what we dote on most, is soonest gone!
Ai me! I've lost a sweet Companion
A Friend, A Brother All in One!

II.

How did it chil my Soul to see thee lye
Strugling with pangs in thy last Agony!
When with a manly courage thou didst brave
Approaching Death, and with a steddy mind
(Ever averse to be confin'd)
Didst triumph o're the Grave.
Thou mad'st no womanish moan,
But scorn'dst to give one groan:
He that begg's pity is afraid to Dye,
Only the Brave despise their Destiny.
But, when I call to mind how thy kind Eyes

Were

Were paſſionately fixt on mine,
How, when Thy faultring Tongue gave
And I could hear thy pleaſing Voice no more;(o're,
How, when I laid my Cheek to thine,
Kiſt thy pale lips, and preſt thy trembling Hand,
Thou, in return, ſmild'ſt gently in my Face,
And huggd'ſt me with a cloſe Embrace,
I am amaz'd, I am unmann'd;
Something extremely kind I fain would ſay,
But through the tumult of my Breaſt,
With too officious Love oppreſt,
I find my feeble words can never force their way.

III.

Beloved Youth! what ſhall I do!
Once my Delight, my Torment now!
How immaturely art Thou ſnatch't away!
But Heaven ſhines on Thee with many a glorious
Of an unclouded, and immortal Day, (Ray
Whilſt I lye groveling Here Below
In a Dark Stormy Night.
The bluſtring Storm of Life with Thee is o're,
For thou art landed on That happy Shore,

Where

Where thou canſt Hope, or Fear no more;
Thence with compaſſion thou ſhalt ſee
The Plagues, the Wars, the Fires, the Scarcity,
The Devaſtations of an Enemy,
From which Thy early Fate ha's ſet Thee free;
For when Thou went'ſt to thy Long Home,
Thou wert exempt from all the Ills to come,
And ſhalt hereafter be
Spectator only of the Tragedy
Acted on frail Mortality:
So ſome One lucky Mariner
From ſhipwrack ſav'd by a propitious Star,
Advanc'd upon a neighb'ring Rock looks down,
And ſee's far off his old Companions Drown.

IV.

There in a ſtate of perfect Eaſe,
Of never interrupted Happineſs,
Thy large illuminated mind
Shall matter of eternal Wonder find;
There doſt thou clearly ſee, how, and from whence
The Stars communicate their influence,
The methods of th' Almighty Architect,

How

How he consulted with himself alone
To lay the wondrous Corner-stone,
When He this goodly Fabrick did erect.
There, Thou dost understand
The Motions of the Secret Hand,
That guid's th' invisible Wheele,
Which Here, we ne're shall know, but ever feel;
There Providence, the vain man's Laughing stock,
The miserable Good-man's stumbling Block,
Unfolds the puzling Riddle to thy Eyes,
And It's own wise contrivance Justifie's.
What timorous Man would n't be pleas'd to Dye,
To make so noble a Discovery?

V.

And must I take my solemn leave
Till time shall be no more!
Can neither sighs, nor tears, nor prayers retrieve
One chearful Hour!
Must one unlucky moment sever
Us, and our Hopes, Us and our Joys for ever!---
Is this cold Clod of Earth that endear'd Thing
I lately did my Brother call?

Are